The Palm Tree Revolt, by Horace Sutton

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February 27, 1971 50¢

The Diversification of Shirley MacLaine

by Hollis Alpert

(see MultiMedia)

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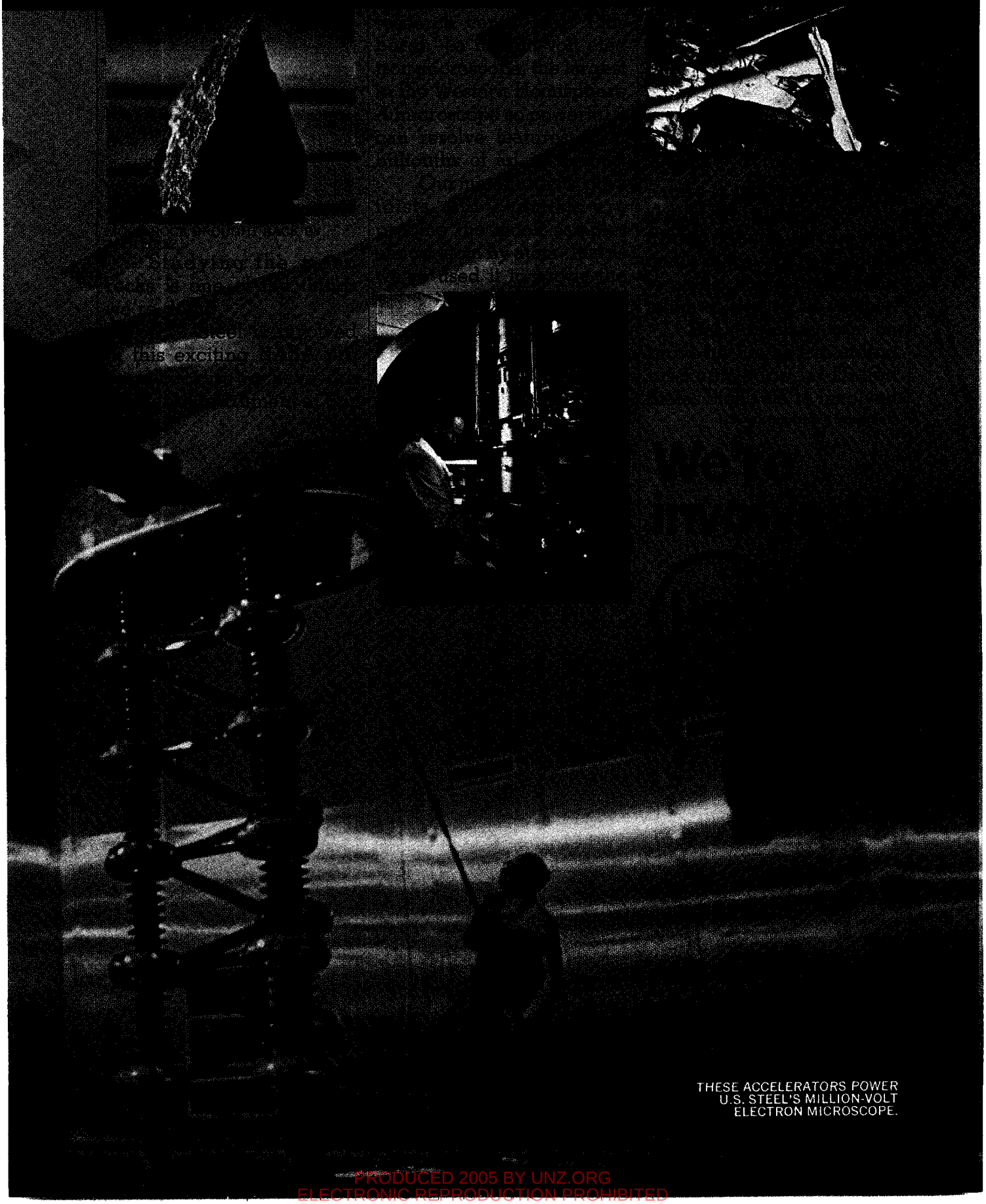

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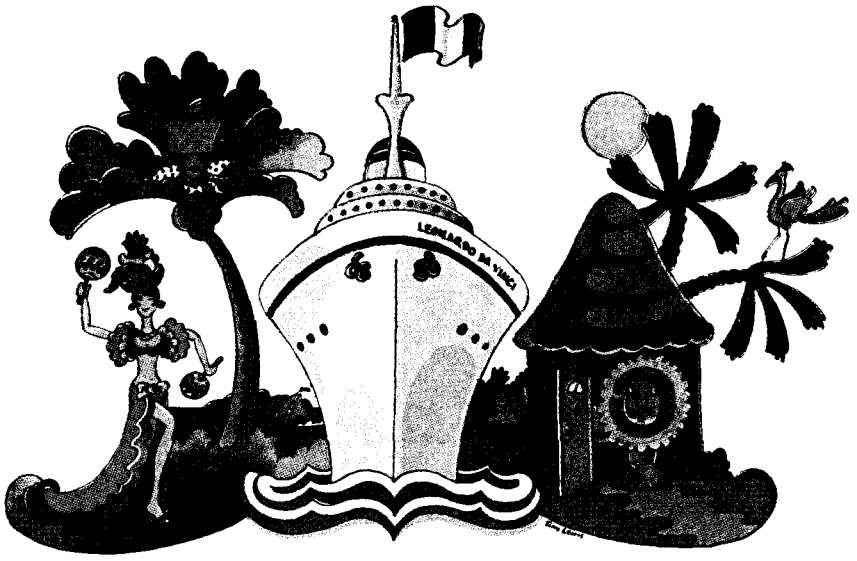

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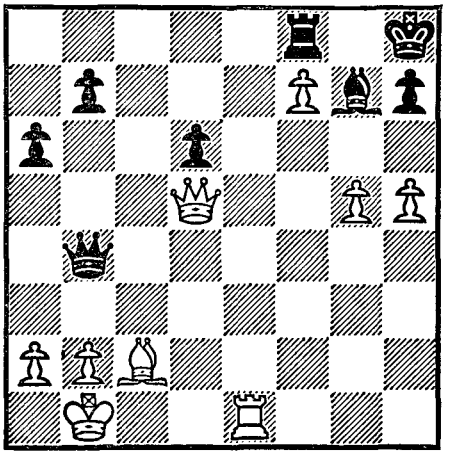
Chess Corner No. 159

Paladins in chess are under the grace of the divine afflatus. Only one puny pawn is supposedly sufficient to wrap up a predicament after many vicissitudes. That rare phenomenon the blunder (perish the thought) is anathema to their nature. A misconception is unholy, camouflaged. Thus, a grand master does not place material *en prise*. He makes a *Fingerfehler*, a slip of the finger, or he suffers a hallucination or blind spot.

Be that as it may and well may it be as it is, in Portisch-Gligoric (one-time champions of Hungary and Yugoslavia) from the Siegen, West Germany, Olympiad, White delivers blow upon blow. And when Black is about to resign, White beats him to the punch, and resigns himself. White's final play is not a blunder. It is a "booboo."

KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE

Portisch **White**	Gligoric **Black**	Portisch **White**	Gligoric **Black**
1 P-Q4	N-KB3	21 B-N3	R-B3
2 P-QB4	P-KN3	22 P-N4	PxP
3 N-QB3	B-N2	23 PxP	N-B5
4 P-K4	P-Q3	24 P-N5	N/3-R4
5 P-B3	O-O	25 N-Q5	NxN
6 B-K3	P-K4	26 BxN	R/3-B1
7 P-Q5	N-R4	27 B-N3	R-QB3
8 Q-Q2	P-KB4	28 KR-B1	N-B5
9 O-O-O	N-Q2	29 BxN	PxB
10 B-Q3	N/2-B3	30 RxP	B-K4
11 PxP	PxP	31 R-B7	RxR
12 N-R3	P-B3	32 PxR	R-B1
13 KR-N1	PxP	33 P-KR4	R-B1
14 PxP	K-R1	34 R-KB1	B-N2
15 K-N1	B-Q2	35 R-K1	Q-Q2
16 N-KN5	Q-K2	36 Q-Q5	Q-R6
17 B-N5	B-B1	37 B-B2	Q-N5
18 B-QB4	P-QR3	38 P-R5	Q-N5
19 N-K6	BxN	Resigns	
20 PxB	QR-B1		



—Al Horowitz.

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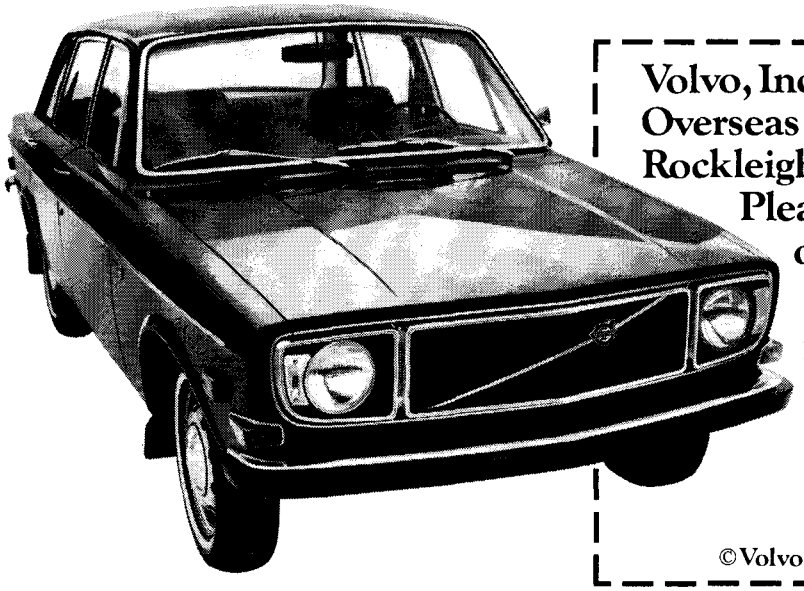

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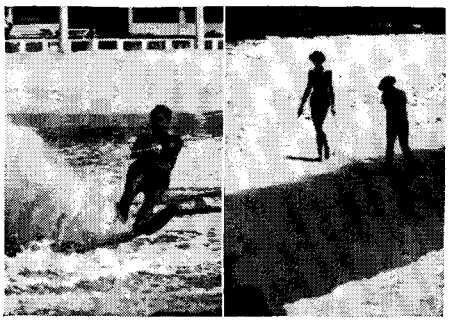

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February 27, 1971

Saturday Review

Cover story, page 43

The Diversification of Shirley MacLaine

by Hollis Alpert

Cover photo: Ernest Baxter/ Hank Morgan

IDEAS

15 The Palm Tree Revolt by Horace Sutton

EDITORIAL

20 On Rising to the Occasion by Richard L. Tobin

BOOKS

23 The Man Whose Alter Ego Is Abram Tertz by Theodore Solotaroff, an essay review of "For Freedom of Imagination" by Andrei Sinyavsky

23 Index of Books Reviewed

25 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

33 Criminal Record by Haskel Frankel

MULTIMEDIA

43 The Diversification of Shirley MacLaine by Hollis Alpert

46 "Fiddler" on a Communist Roof by George R. Marek

48 Black Ballet Can Be Beautiful by Walter Terry

50 I Remember Ivie by Bobby Short

51 Lights! Action! Camera? by Ivan Berger

52 Recordings in Review by Irving Kolodin

THE ARTS

MOVIES

22 Hollis Alpert reviews "The Night Visitor," "The Garden of Delights," and "The Tender Moment."

FINE ARTS

34 Katharine Kuh rediscovers Cincinnati's Art Museum.

TRAVEL

38 David Butwin in Key West

COLUMNS

2 Al Horowitz: Chess Corner

8 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

10 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds

21 Letters to the Editor

71 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

GAMES

26 Your Literary I.Q.

33 Literary Crypt

58 Wit Twister

70 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1925

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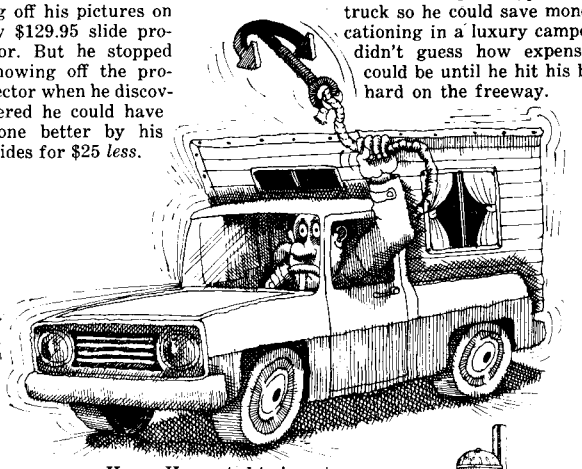
Ten little losers, standing in a line. One bought our magazine. Then there were nine.

When Ann A.'s new $129.95 food waste disposer kept jamming on bones and refused to chew up grapefruit-rind halves, she wanted to kick the manufacturer. But when she found out she could have bought a disposal that *would* dispose of such things for only $112, she wanted to kick herself.

Bill B. felt like a million in his $70 raincoat—until he needed a *snow*coat and realized he could have gotten a raincoat he liked *with* a zip-in alpaca lining for just $60

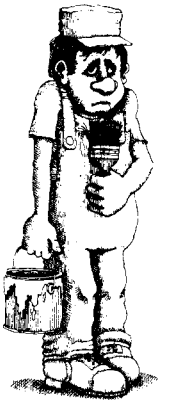
Charlie C. had a great time showing off his pictures on his new $129.95 slide projector. But he stopped showing off the projector when he discovered he could have done better by his slides for $25 *less*.

Dave D. bought a ¾-ton pickup truck so he could save money vacationing in a luxury camper. He didn't guess how expensive it could be until he hit his brakes hard on the freeway.

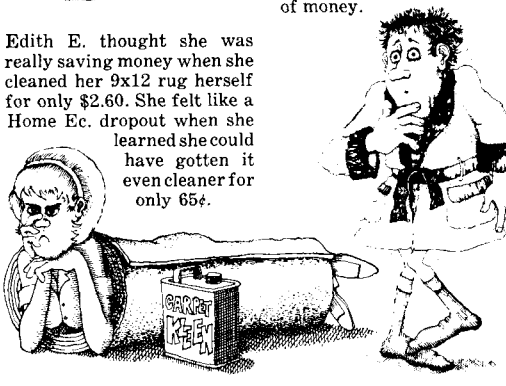


Frank F. loved the new $1.75 briefs his wife bought for his birthday . . . until they came out of the washer. If only she'd read *Consumer Reports*, she could have *kept* Frank happy and saved a lot of money.

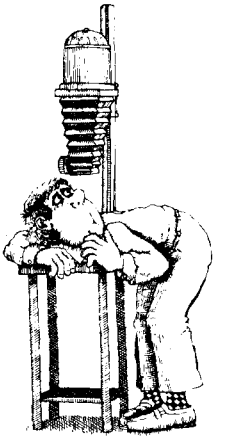
Harry H. wanted to invest in the best when he repainted the bathroom. But by the time he learned that the best cost 70¢ *less* a quart than what he'd paid, the gloss had begun to dull.



Edith E. thought she was really saving money when she cleaned her 9x12 rug herself for only $2.60. She felt like a Home Ec. dropout when she learned she could have gotten it even cleaner for only 65¢.



The crowning touch on George G's stereo system was a pair of $250 loudspeakers. Nobody told him that he could have bought a speaker system that sounded even better for only $128.



Irving I. really felt like a pro with his new $174.50 enlarger. When he started pricing *lenses* for it, he wept all over his darkroom for not knowing about a higher rated model he *could* have bought for $135 *complete*.

Johnny J. made up his mind that he'd never again spend his hard-earned money on power mowers with poorly-shielded blades, circular saws that jammed, caulking compounds that shrank and cracked, antenna amplifiers that didn't improve his TV picture, convertible sofas his wife couldn't open, clothes dryers that snagged the laundry, boats that capsized if they took on too much water, and products that just weren't worth the price.

He subscribed to CONSUMER REPORTS.

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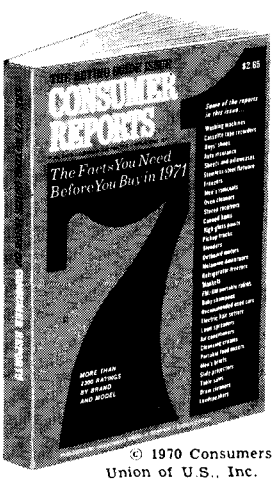

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OUR MR. MARSHALL DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS STARTING.

Bob Marshall loves teaching. So when an emergency left Winston-Salem State University without a physics professor, he was happy to pitch in.

He soon realized that his students, like many others, were not prepared for abstract reasoning.

At Bob's suggestion, an administrative committee was set up to study new individualized learning techniques. And the University used the results of this study to build an "Enrichment Center" where students come, voluntarily, to learn through multi-media materials.

The Center has proved so helpful to so many students that it is being enlarged. For this success, Bob gives full credit to students, faculty, and administration saying he was only a "catalyst" that helped crystallize their existing ideas.

Bob is Director of Engineering of Western Electric's North Carolina Works. He's also the kind of active executive we're proud to have with us.

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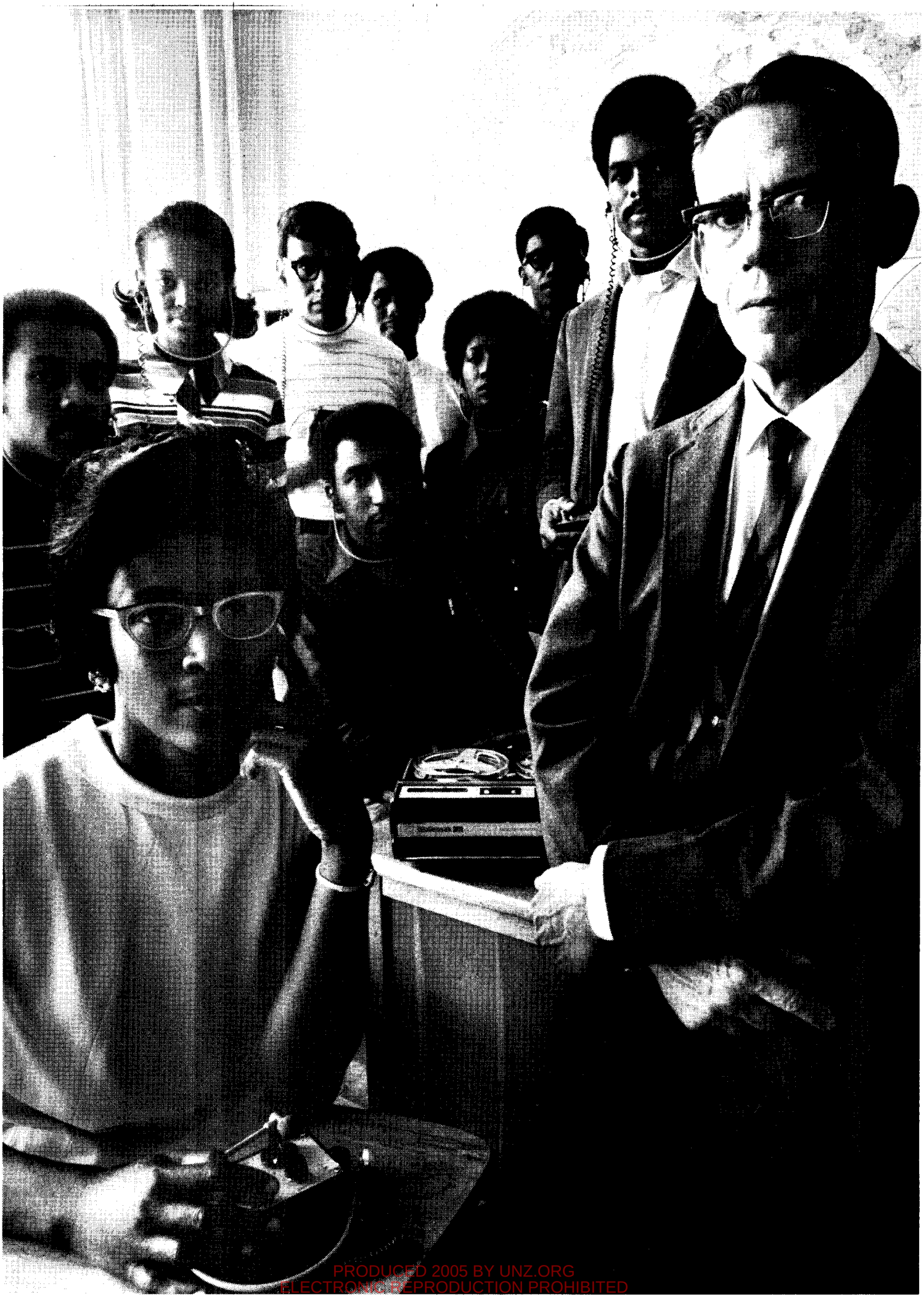

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Paging Solomon

FOR THE PAST MONTH, New Yorkers have disengaged themselves from the problems of inflation, unemployment, higher taxes, and related worries tugging at their purse strings. Time out was taken by all for a happening that tore at their heartstrings. And, as was to be expected in these days of accepted values not in the American mainstream, the people here are violently divided in their judgment as to whether legality was better served than morality.

Three years ago, an unwed mother, aged nineteen, signed a legal consent for the adoption of her newborn son. Fourteen months later she was in court demanding the return of her baby. The court ruled the child should be returned to its natural mother. The foster parents took the matter to the state Court of Appeals, where the lower-court ruling was recently sustained, and the three-year-old boy was handed over to his natural mother.

About a year and a half ago, this same mother had met and married another man. "I do. I do." Then she decided she could now make a home for the boy. Despite testimony by a physician and a psychiatrist that the transfer of the baby from the home and the love of his foster parents would be detrimental to this tiny human, the judge in the high court sustained the ruling that the youngster should be given to his natural mother. Court adjourned. Gavel. Finis.

The court does not ask the re-instated mother and her new husband, "Do you both promise to love and cherish this little boy, to be with him in sickness and in growing up?" There is no "I do. I do."

The judge did not offer the anguished foster mother, now near collapse, visiting rights. Nor did he suggest that she be allowed to watch the youngster, while at play, from behind a school yard fence. The law does not recognize foster love, nor the tragic void in the home of the only parents the boy had ever known.

Just reading about the final moments of the case is torment. In recounting the dialogue between the natural mother and the child, *The New York Times* reports that she said to him, "Would you like to go with me for a minute?" And the child replied, "Yes." A minute! A lifetime! He could afford a minute away from the joy of his foster parents to go with this strange woman.

So, he said, "Yes." Politely. And then the natural mother said, "Say good-by to your mommy and daddy." Mommy and daddy—so set apart from mother and father. In that one "minute," the child had acquired a mommy and a daddy, a mother and a stepfather.

"Yes," he said. Then looking up at her, the boy asked, "What is your name?" And she replied, "Betty." Mother and son on a first-name basis. Betty and Richard. Only the last name had been changed by the court to protect this little innocent.

She did not reply, "My name is Betty. I am your mother." If she had, this bright, beautiful little boy would have somehow divined that the woman meant to take him away for a minute that would last forever.

The mother led the blond little chap to the elevator, where she gathered him into her arms. And he began to struggle. "I want to go to my mommy," he said. And he reached out his little arms to the only mother he had ever known.

Justice is blind. Also deaf. However, it is not mute. When the new mother requested the court to permit her to take the boy out by a side door to avoid the newsmen, the judge denied her that privilege. "The public," he stated, according to the *Times*, "would be better served to see the terrible tragedy that can come from situations like this."

The high judge betrayed the agony that had gone into his sad decision. There was a technicality: The adoption proceedings had not been legally finalized. A foster mother's love for a child she had reared and nurtured since infancy is not a technicality recognized by any court.

The judge did not claim to have the wisdom of Solomon. His was only to follow the law to its letter. And let the hearts chip where they may.

There is nothing in the law that forbids a woman to change her mind. A woman's prerogative. I, too, am no Solomon. But it seems that foster parents, to say nothing of adopted children torn from one set of arms to another, would be better served, and tragedies avoided, if an unwed mother who gives up her baby for adoption had changed her mind earlier. As on the day she said "I will" to the man who thereupon fathered her child.

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Out in Reseda, California, Mrs. Ann Bliss, sixth-grade teacher, asked her class to write "class standards." Here are some answers—with spelling errors, she points out sternly, *un*corrected:

Listen to the teacher when she is talking or yelling.
Keep your shoes on in school.
Don't say shut up if the teacher doesn't like it.
Don't stay in the restroom all day.
Don't go to the bathroom all the time.
The bathroom isn't a meeting place and classes aren't held there.
Don't hide in the bathroom on hot days.
Don't play with thing.
Leave your treshures at home.
Stand when you walk into class.
Be ploite to all the teachers, not just yours.
Don't be a taital tail.
Don't lend back of your chair.
Don't scrap your chair.
Stay in your set.
Stay in your sit.
Try not to hit your classmates.
Be good to the little people.
Don't ride on another girl's back, you could get hurt.
No pooping bags at lunch.
Don't spit on the playground.
If the teacher says something funny, don't pound on your desk.
Don't bother the Princeble.
Youse are time wisley.
Four people don't have to take one hurt person to the office.
Don't fall out of your chairs.
Don't crew gun or candy.
Don't crawl on floors.
Witch your mouth.
Wash your language.

Who said there are no standards left? Wash out, we say, for the next generation.

"I never wanted to see anybody die," Clarence Darrow once said, "but there are a few obituary notices I have read with pleasure." Alden Whitman, the author of *The Obituary Book* (Stein & Day, $7.95), is a man who spends every day writing such notices. In person, however, he is as lively a fellow as you would care to meet, one whose eyes twinkle under his spectacles if not merrily at least far from macabrely.

Born in Nova Scotia, the son of a manual training teacher—"Now they've Nice-Nellied it," he told us, "into 'industrial arts'" — Whitman came to his calling on *The New York Times* via Bridgeport, Harvard, Buffalo, and the *Herald Tribune*. "I love this job," he said enthusiastically. "The fact that you've got to explain everybody and that everybody's different gives this job what you might call an eternal fascination."

We started to protest—but it was no use. "Of course, there are dangers," he went on. "You do people when they're still alive, but after you've done them you get to thinking of them in the past tense, and you get very confused. I was terribly surprised, for example, to see about the opening of *No, No, Nanette*. I thought I'd done Ruby Keeler."

Done? "Well," he said, "I keep a running list of people. I do about forty a year. You can do a long one in a day if you have to. I usually start with the seventy-year-olds. I go by the old threescore-and-ten. Of course, sometimes you get caught."

Caught? "Yes," he said. "You live under the constant dread that somebody you don't have on your list will up and die on you. John O'Hara was a classic example. I missed the boat completely there. I'd even talked to him, but I didn't realize he was ill, and just put it off. Then damned if he didn't die on my day off. So, somebody else did him.

"De Gaulle, though, was fine. Everybody else was scrambling around. I had nothing to do all day. It was even all set in type. On the other hand, you sometimes have just plain bad luck. I missed Ralph Roeder, for example, for a month. He died in Mexico City, and nobody notified us."

Did we understand, we asked, he actually interviewed people? "Well," he said, "I don't come right out and say, 'I'm writing your obit.' I usually start out by saying I'm working up a profile or doing background material or something like that. But then if they ask when it's going to come out, I usually admit it won't be until—well, afterwards. Some people won't see you at all. Edmund Wilson, for instance, wouldn't, and neither would Montgomery. On the other hand, some people will see you only if it's for an obit. And then, of course, you do come right out with it. Anthony Eden was one. He said he'd never granted a private interview in his life."

Did the *Times*, we asked, respect the privacy of the pre-obit—at least up until the obit? "Indeed they do," Mr. Whitman said quickly. "I have some very sensitive material in there." Whitman stroked his beard. He looked to us as if he might be approaching seventy. Had he, we wanted to know, been done? He nodded. It had been done, he told us, by somebody else in the office. Had he, we persisted, read it? Whitman looked horrified. "It's a house rule," he said, "that *nobody* reads his own. Mrs. Sulzberger, for example, hasn't read hers, and Arthur Ochs Sulzberger hasn't read his."

Whitman stroked his beard again. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I don't even know if there *is* one on him. Biographies and obituaries, you know, are two different things. In a biography, you take a point of view. In an obit, you don't. I try to keep my opinions in my hip pocket. But you do get complaints. There was a lot of criticism, for instance, of my Schweitzer one. People said it was lukewarm. And there was some about Joseph P. Kennedy, too. But, after all, he was a rogue and a villain. He believed he could sell his sons like soap—and he did."

What about gangsters? we asked. Whitman chose his words carefully. "The fact that a man was a gangster wouldn't be held against him," he said. "On the other hand, I would point out that he was unsavory. Remember, though, sometimes hoodlums make better obits than your strait-laced fellows. Authors, too, are getting better breaks than they used to."

We grimaced at the juxtaposition, but once more Whitman ignored us. "When Eugene O'Neill died in the early Fifties, he got one column. Today, he'd get front page and a whole page inside.

"You know, the obituary page," Whitman concluded, "is probably the most widely read page in the paper after the front page. People are curious. All the older people read it, and now the young people are beginning to, too."

Maybe, we suggested, it was because even *they* weren't getting any younger.

Whitman thought a moment. "Maybe," he said.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1924)

HENRY GIBSON:
THE THUMBNAIL

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From HENRY GIBSON:
A FLOWER CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES

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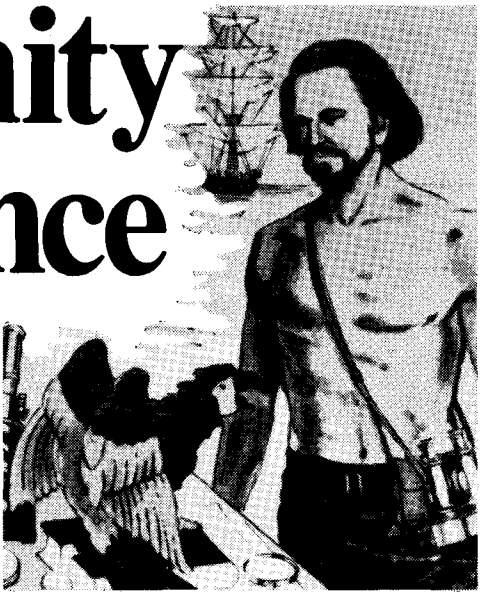
The day humanity lost its innocence



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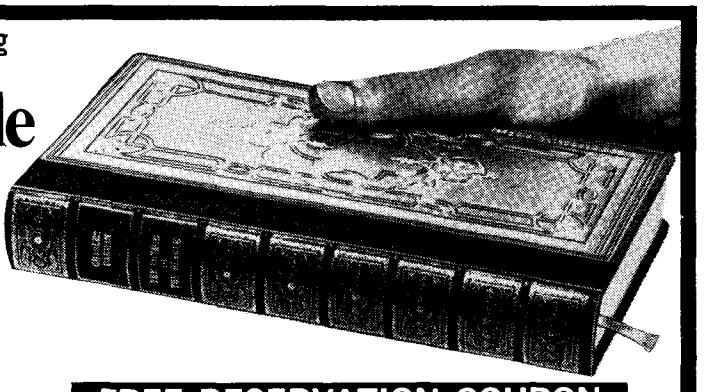

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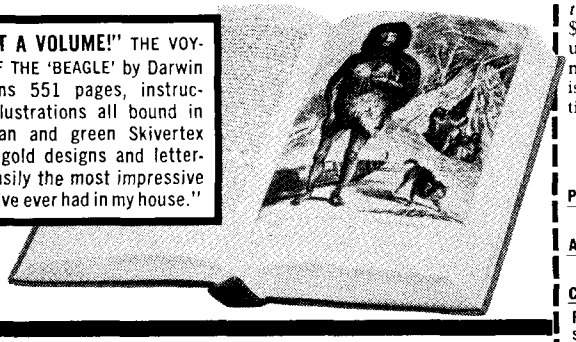

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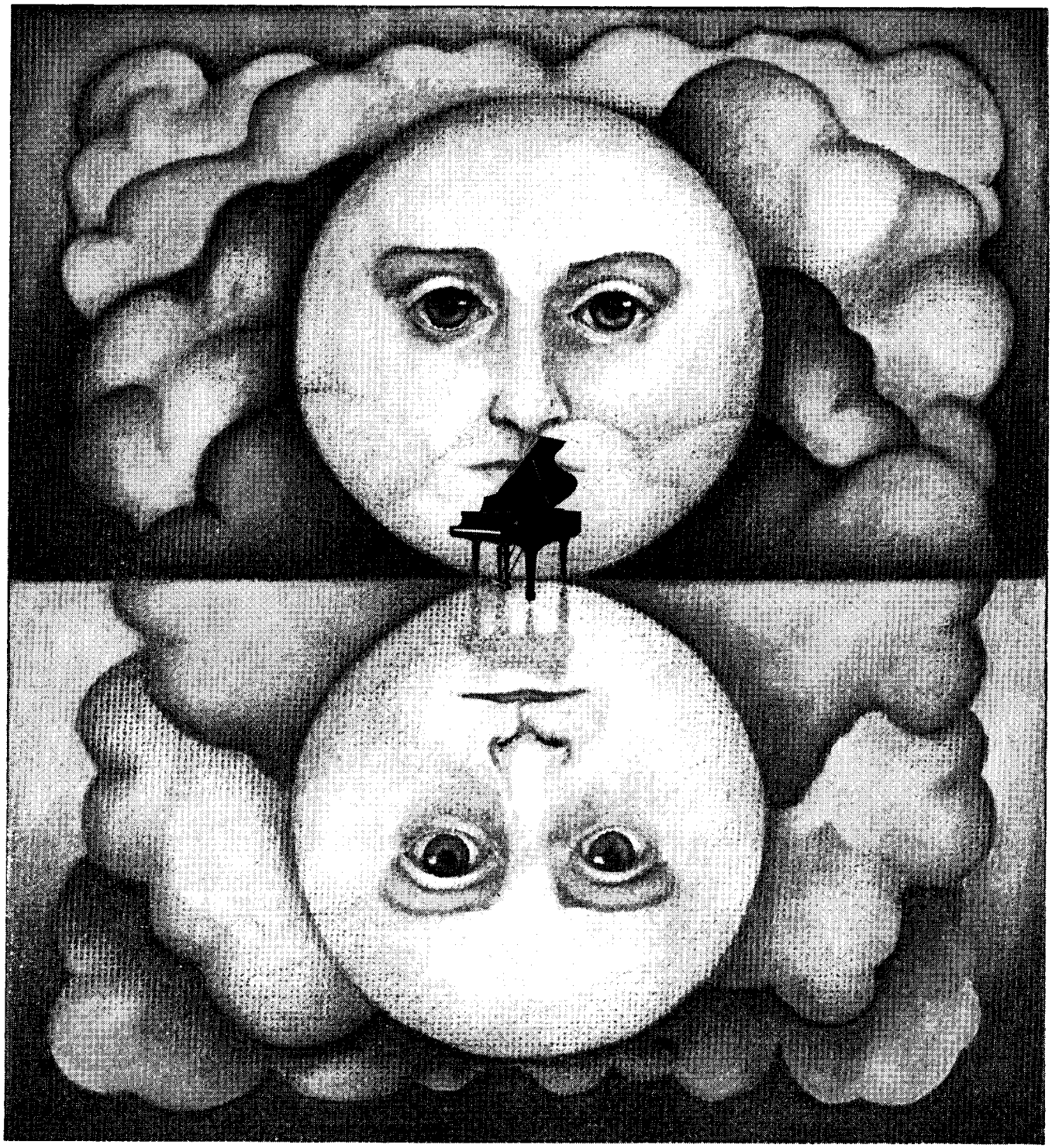

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Saturday Review
February 27, 1971

The Palm Tree Revolt

From Bermuda to the top of South America the black islands roil with riot, mutiny, and political jostling. Is it an awakening of black power or the first radical thrust toward black Marxism?

by HORACE SUTTON

The Caribbean morning is soft with dew and filled with promise. Beyond the delicate fringe of the bamboo tree that frames my vista, the horseback riders canter across the broad green table top of Port of Spain's Savannah. Far in the distance there is the sunlit sea and a cluster of green islands that lie at the edge of Chaguaramas Peninsula, where the U.S. Navy maintained a base during the Second World War.

Viewed now before the clock strikes 7, it all seems a scene of infinite peace. Yet, on one of the islands that sits in such serenity, the government was recently obliged to detain dissident purveyors of black power who had rioted on the streets. On the peninsula, the Trinidad and Tobago army rose in mutiny only to be pummeled into surrender by the loyal coast guard, whose ships shelled the soldiers from the sea. The peninsula itself, part of which Britain ceded to the United States for ninety-nine years in the destroyer-bases deal of 1940, became a highly charged issue in the campaign of Prime Minister Dr. Eric Williams, who successfully sought to have American bases returned to island sovereignty.

But the restiveness is not the parochial problem of Port of Spain. From Trinidad, only ten miles from Venezuela, northwestward to the Bahamas and north to the Bermudas, the rumble of discontent is plain. It is the thunder of outrage and frustration flashing unconstrained now after 300 years of slavery, colonialism, exploitation, suppression, and inequity. More audible on some islands than others, it varies in style and intensity. No dispensations are given for prosperity, for the grievances are made as plain in Bermuda, where the employment is more than 100 per cent, as they are in Jamaica, where one person in five has no regular job. Nor are exemptions given for black governments already in power, for one has existed in Trinidad since 1956, in Grenada and in the Bahamas since 1967. Nor for independence, for Jamaica and Trinidad and Tobago have been independent countries since 1962, Barbados since 1966.

There is no organized movement that would bring together all the islands, yet all of them share the same slave origins, and each has been inspired by the surge of new nationalism in Africa and the rush of black power in America. There are some island people who gaze admiringly at Cuba, others who would install Castro communism at home, yet there is no visible effort of Castro-led conspiracy.

Ugly tales filter up from the islands telling of affronts to tourists and the affronted chalk them up to black power, yet in ten days of touring in raffish neighborhoods and upholstered strands I found no evidence of rampant effrontery aside from the hostility expressed by black power leaders and politicians because of my country and my race.

The hostility derives from a collection of valid grievances and a desire for drastic social change that hopefully will sweep those injustices away. It has become convenient to lump them all together, as indeed some of the island agitators and some of the social observers have done, and call them black power.

Whatever their frustrations and their hopes, their grudges and their goals, island people have one thing in common and that is their blackness. It is that common denominator that binds them together in the general thrust toward black awareness, dignity, and control over their own land, resources, and destiny.

The incendiary leaders often are intellectual young Turks who have studied abroad, learned inquisitiveness, theory, dogma, daring, and the art of articulate expostulation. A few are trade unionists and still others, less incendiary, are old dogs with toothless dreams of Africa. The elected leaders find themselves walking a narrow ledge. On one hand, they must lend a sympathetic ear and give a sympathetic sign to the nationalistic views of the intellectuals and the have-nots who form a vocal constituency at best or a flammable opposition at worst; on the other, they must be careful not to suggest nationalization, expropriation, or even an unstable government lest they frighten away foreign investments that are the basis of the economy in emerging nations. They must listen to the theorists who spout Third World jargon and quote from Frantz Fanon, the Martinique revolutionist who fought with the Algerians against the French and advocated violent action. They must listen, too, to the foreign industrialists and invite their participation in the economy without seeming to

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capitulate to what the Left calls economic imperialism.

The government officers often see the root of their problems not in the social ills themselves, but in the high-blown press coverage of them.

In Trinidad, Prime Minister Williams flatly refuses to see American reporters. He still seethes about the threats of bad press that he says he received from a *Wall Street Journal* reporter to whom he denied an interview. In Jamaica, Prime Minister Hugh Shearer charges some of his problems to the local bigots and the "sensational journalists" who advertise them. He has hotly scolded *Time* for its sensationalism and the Copley News Service for what he calls "irresponsible inaccuracies and dishonest statements." Shearer's particular *bêtes noires* are free-lance writers who "gravitate towards the mischievous, ill-equipped, and consequently disenchanted individuals in the society." Both free-lance writers and staff writers, according to Shearer, get their material in the air-conditioned bars of hotels where they ply their informants with liquor. He reserves special scorn for one free-lance journalist who tried to interview him by phone from New Jersey.

Faced with a free press abroad and a run of problems at home, a government leader through the paranoiac mists, fancies witches brewing a conspiratorial plot. "We are tempted to wonder," Shearer has said, "if there is not a worldwide journalistic conspiracy to organize a campaign to discredit the achievements of countries such as ours, and to overemphasize our problems and deficiencies —a sort of lopsided defense of past imperialism." He became such a devotee of Vice President Agnew the American ambassador gave him a Spiro watch.

"We are tempted to wonder if there is not a worldwide journalistic conspiracy to discredit countries like ours."

—Prime Minister Shearer.

Asked about the current social problems between black and white, an old friend in Bermuda, heavily involved with the colony's tourism, says, only half in jest, "I sometimes think we wouldn't have any problems if it were not for types like you."

So delicately does tourism, the economic lifeline, hang on the continued serenity of Bermuda that the Establishment has grown hypersensitive to reports in the American and British press. Still, there is no getting around the fact that Bermuda had civil disorders in 1968 and a series of fire bombings last October. As with most of the disturbances in the islands, in Anguilla, Grenada, Jamaica, and Trinidad, it took the spark of an isolated incident to explode the highly combustible air of frustration and dissatisfaction that had been gathering. In 1968 a state of emergency was declared, troops were sent from Britain, a curfew was imposed that lasted for a week. A commission arrived, conducted a lengthy investigation, and wrote a lengthy and lucid report that pointed to such sources of island dissatisfaction as an alien police force dressed in alien uniforms (i.e., blue bobby helmets), overcrowded housing, censorship of certain publications, slow integration of schools, and the continued importation of white skilled labor from abroad, which, as they indicated, creates a "third force" identifying itself with the metropolitan colonial power. It cited what it called the simplistic example of the importation of qualified lifeguards for Bermuda's hotels. Only once had one been recruited locally. Said the commission, "Lifeguards continue to be imported because in an island where almost everyone is at home in the sea nobody can be found with the right qualifications. Or can it be that the sensitive hotel industry is apprehensive for other reasons which it would prefer not be disclosed?"

Strangely, the injustices perceived by the commission in 1968 sound similar to the grievances delineated by Leonard Frederick Wade, the thirty-year-old spokesman for the Progressive Labour Party (PLP), in 1971. The PLP is an openly integrated party, the first party organized to run against the essentially white Establishment. "Everything ends up black and white in Bermuda," says Wade. In his office in Hamilton's Back of Town, sitting under a giant picture of Malcolm X and within reach of the books that include works on the Mau Mau and Ho Chi Minh's revolution, he speaks of concepts less revolutionary than social democratic. On an island that is 60 per cent black and 40 per cent white, the PLP wants a democracy and independence. Wade's list of objectives is long: integration in housing, for one thing. Segregation was open until 1960; now, he says it is more subtle. The blacks live in overcrowded conditions spilling over onto the sidewalks, where they are badgered by a police force that is two-thirds foreign. Some of the importees are Barbadian, but most are white career police officers who have seen service in Cyprus, Nigeria, and India, former British colonies. Pitted against them are the black Bermudians frustrated by unequal job opportunities and centuries of second-class citizenship.

"The black people are not going to sit back and be passive in their blackness," says Wade. "The kids are more concerned in getting what their parents never got, and they don't mind going to jail for it."

Black Bermudians who run afoul of the law and are netted by expatriate police are tried before white magistrates, and later may appear before one of the traveling judges who journey to the colony periodically to hear cases.

The white Establishment says that it would like to train black Bermudians for middle-management jobs and for the hotels, but it cannot find the proper people and few seem willing to start as apprentices when they can earn considerably more money in the skilled trades that they dominate. The blacks say they are not being given the proper education. "The school system is so poor we have to import middle and upper management from England, and they are usually white," says Wade. There is not even a junior college on the island, and as one expatriate white told me, "There is simply no education system as we know it in America." The Establishment says it must import professional police because it cannot recruit enough islanders, and besides, so it is claimed, Bermudians won't accept authority from other Bermudians, a situation that doesn't seem to obtain in Nassau. Among young Bermudians the police are an arm of the white Establishment, with new and wider rights now for conducting drug searches without warrants. If the police are called pigs in the United States, they are called foreign pigs here. Few Bermudians are willing to enroll in the law force, for to do so under current conditions is to work for the Man.

Although attempts have been made to build new housing at nominal rents, blacks complain that many of the available new apartments are taken by expatriate English schoolteachers, a double offense. One new school has been built overlooking a large rubbish dump. Government House overlooks it too, but the Governor General's view of that eyesore has been effectively screened. A tepee burner was brought in to incinerate the rubbish, but a Bermudian who passes by every day says it is never in operation. Like the black and white confrontation, the problem of the dump has been treated but not solved. Until relatively recently a Bermudian had to own property to vote. Later, when suffrage was extended to

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all citizens, those who owned property had an extra vote, called a plus vote. Blacks claim districts are so gerrymandered that the PLP couldn't win if all the blacks on the island voted for it. A 1963 law permits any British citizen living on the island for three years to vote in Bermuda elections, adding 3,000 voters to a voting list of perhaps 20,000.

Virulent black power leaders—Roosevelt Brown is one—see such extensions of the franchise as part of a white power plot to load the rolls. Brown is an angry man of thirty-eight, a member of the Assembly who drives a snappy sports car, travels widely, and has a history of school expulsions resulting from black-white problems. I found him in the country where he is building a house, and we talked across the wet cement floor of the second story. Bermuda is such a climatic paradise, Brown reasons—83 in summer, 63 in winter, without hurricanes or rivers that might flood the land, its shores protected by reefs, and no poisonous insects to harm its occupants—that it may seem inviting to older, less adventurous people. There just may be a secret plan, he says, to lure the international banking center from Switzerland to Bermuda. With the money would come a tide of new people, white people, to swing the ballot balance.

Brown journeyed to Australia in 1969 to teach rudiments of black power to the aborigines. He says now that he was invited by the Aborigine Advancement League, which, since Brown's five-day visit, has grown more militant, seeking reparations as an initial step toward a better life. Since Brown's trip, all white members of the League have been asked to resign.

In addition to voices like those of Wade and Brown, Bermuda also has an elitist force called the Black Beret Cadre, but even the PLP leaders, with whom the Cadre is said to be aligned, describe them as a mild edition of the Black Panthers. Many of its leaders are in jail, including John Hilton Bassett, who has published a newspaper considered inflammatory by the authorities. It is against the law to be found in possession of a copy. At the time of his arrest, Bassett allegedly said it was impossible to get a fair trial in what he termed a "fascist pig court." Not only was he arraigned for the remark, but so were a local radio station and newspaper that reported it. Both are awaiting hearings before the bar when the traveling British judges come next to the island.

The people have decided, the black opposition leaders say, that they must have a change. The government has decided it is going to use force. The showdown seems inevitable, and there are those who insist that Bermuda is in the last stages of colonialism.

Politicians in the relatively sophisticated precincts of the Bahamas think that Bermuda is about where Nassau was in the mid-Fifties.

The Bahamas, with a population of 185,000, 85 per cent black, is spread over a realm of islands that cover 200,444 square miles of sea. In 1967, its PLP, the party led by Lynden Oscar Pindling, overthrew the white Conservatives, led by Sir Stafford Sands. Sir Stafford, it was discovered, had taken legal retainer fees from the American promoters of Freeport on the former fisherman's island of Grand Bahama, a few air minutes from the Florida shore. An agreement that the Sands government worked out with the Grand Bahamas Authority made Freeport and its surrounding acres a medieval fief, giving the Authority the right to sell land, import industry, distribute concessions, control immigration policies, and regulate the police. Investors were given ninety-nine years of absolution from customs duties.

—*Wide World*

Police removing placards during Trinidad disorders—"Perhaps in a more sophisticated society it might be called out-and-out Marxism."

Some concessionaires, builders, and business investors imposed a de facto segregationist policy that affected jobs and housing. It was an arrangement with which no black government could live. Indeed, few governments of whatever color would be willing to countenance yielding part of its sovereignty to a private authority. Having won the election, Pindling set about breaking the hold on Freeport. One way was to withhold work permits and to deny renewals of old ones issued when the Authority had full power over its fief. The Deputy Prime Minister, Arthur Hanna, who holds immigration in his portfolio, hewed to the letter of the law, and owners of businesses on Grand Bahama suddenly found themselves unable to work in their own establishments. Those who sought to import skilled labor not available in the Bahamas were denied the right. The press reports of the situation on Grand Bahama did nothing to encourage future investment in the Bahamas.

Pindling says that in 1969, two years after his government had come to power, unfair employment practices and discrimination in housing were still rampant. "Recognizing the inequities and failure to do something about them could have produced an explosive situation. Our move appears precipitative. It was deliberate but not precipitative. We are going to screen those we wish to come into the country and whom we wish to do business in the country. We follow a basic tenet to do what we believe to be right, and it is unfortunate if this is misinterpreted on the outside."

At year's end, tourism, which accounts for 70 per cent of the Bahamas' revenue, was off 2.6 per cent in the whole country and 7 per cent on Grand Bahama. While some of the loss could be written off to the American recession and competition from low rates to Europe, both Bermuda to the north and Jamaica to the south showed increases. Four ministers of the original government have either resigned or been fired. Government receipts are below expectations. Panama and Grand Cayman are vying for the international banking business that has been active in the Bahamas. There are now 200 expatriate accountants working in the Bahamas, but others are becoming in-

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creasingly difficult to recruit because the Pindling government is limiting permits to one year and few professionals are willing to uproot their families to come to the Bahamas for a short-term job.

Late last fall the executive vice president of the Bahamas Hotel Association declared that sixty-eight tourist groups had canceled their bookings, resulting in a million-dollar loss. The association is countering the slippage with a new promotion board in addition to the government's own effort, which is underwritten by a recent 4-per cent tax on hotel rooms. In addition, the departure tax has been increased from $2 to $3 per person. If a couple spends a week in the Bahamas occupying a $50-a-day room, their total tax bill will be $34. Thus today's tourist is paying for promotions that will hopefully lure future tourists.

Poor service and high prices are the two big complaints that emanate from the Bahamas. Although there is a growing skilled work force, it is not nearly large enough or sufficiently trained to supply the needs of expanding industry. If restrictions prohibit the importation of skilled help from abroad, at least until Bahamians can be trained, the visitor whose business is so eagerly solicited may find himself paying top prices (and taxes) for mediocre service.

"We do not have the choices open to the people of Cuba and Chile, who with their sugar and their mines can define independence in terms of Yankee Go Home."
—Prime Minister Pindling.

Cecil Wallace Whitfield, who recently resigned as Minister of Education and Culture, agrees there has been a change in the Bahamian attitude. It is not an evidence of black power, he says, but "a misinterpretation of what our power is. If the government is strict on immigration, it gives a license to the fellow who is not performing well to tell off his employer, even threaten to bring him before the immigration board." The employer is operating out of a position of arrogance, and the employer is forced to live under the constant tension of threatened expulsion.

The tightened immigration policies even limit such white merchants of long standing as Norman Solomon, who traces his Bahamian roots back to the 1600s. He was recently denied the right to bring a window dresser from abroad to trim store windows at Freeport, Grand Bahama. A member of Parliament and a political columnist as well, Solomon thinks Pindling has "released a racial monster by appealing to people on the basis of color and color alone." Such a monster is not readily visible to the visitor's eye, but Pindling himself has said, "Even if we were inclined, and we certainly are not so inclined, we simply do not have the choices open to the people of Cuba and Chile, who, with their vast sugar crops and mines, can attempt to define their independence in terms of 'Yankee, Go Home' slogans. For us if Yankee goes home or stays home it means an automatic and irrevocable decline in our economy and government services."

Solomon thinks the country is in economic straits, and Wallace Whitfield notes that two proposed schools on the Out Islands and one secondary school on New Providence have been scrapped for lack of funds. Contracts for 300 teachers from England will terminate in June and not be renewed. A small teachers college on the Bahamian island of San Salvador, Columbus's first landfall in the New World, will graduate a class of ninety-three this June. Black columnist Anthony White flatly says, "You can't send these green teachers into the high schools to teach." The repatriation of the English teachers may be part of a plan to discredit Wallace Whitfield, who, after he resigned his education portfolio, was set upon by a gang of goons and beaten. "There may not be enough Bahamians to teach Bahamian children," says White, "but it is being whispered that Whitfield wanted to ruin the thinking of the Bahamian people by bringing in all these English teachers. Pindling's ministers are implying, 'Now we will liberate you, we will not let any more English teachers teach your children.'"

Black power, as such, is no force in the Bahamas, but a five-year-old organization called Unicomm built around a core of young intellectuals is pushing for an island form of socialism as well as immediate independence. Originally called Unicoll and formed by young Bahamians who were enrolled in overseas universities, it is headed now by Sean McWeeney, the seventeen-year-old son of a black bourgeois mother (who now heads the Max Factor agency) and a white Roman Catholic lay missionary turned accountant and columnist. A light-skinned youth who wears an Afro and speaks with exquisite clarity, McWeeney has one of the most exciting minds in all the islands.

Unicomm strives for egalitarianism, which it calls, in local terminology, asuism, a form of collectivism. It feels exploited, as do the radicals in the islands to the south, because the Bahamian economy is controlled by outside capital. McWeeney favors an economic revolution—"I prefer the term 'economic growth,'" he says—in which each island would be developed according to its capabilities. He thinks little attempt has been made to explore natural resources or to apply modern methods to cultivation of the sea and the soil.

"Tourism is not the answer," says McWeeney. "It is fundamentally unstable and unsound as an economic base, too dependent on outside forces, such as economic pullbacks in the United States, attractive air fares to other countries. A move in a more revolutionary direction would have automatic repercussions here."

"Pleased" with Cuba, disenchanted with communism, pushing for a revolutionary form of Bahamian socialism, McWeeney and his group distribute food, hold evening classes on black history and Caribbean literature. They identify with Caribbean black power, have opened branches on Jamaica and Trinidad. (The Jamaican chapter is headed by Dion Hanna, son of the deputy prime minister.) They allow two years for political evolution "and then we will make a challenge to the government for the principles on which we stand."

But other Bahamians, equally intellectual, desire no alignment with the Caribbean islands where the population is large and the unemployment index is high. "I don't want my child brain-washed by Jamaican professors seeking solutions to Jamaican problems," says Wallace Whitfield. "Any Jamaican government will have problems, and we cannot take solutions they have for their problems and apply them here simply because they sound good as words."

The Prime Minister's former cabinet members fall out with him because they think his hard line, which jeopardizes the economy, is less an attempt to rectify a social inequity than it is a postural act in the style preferred by island black leaders. "He has to be with Shearer [Jamaica] and Eric Williams [Trinidad], sharing the same problems and acting the same way to be accepted in the community of leaders," says one.

Shearer's problems in Jamaica, like those of Williams in Trinidad, are very real and they involve not just internecine battling but unemployment. Running about 13 to 15 per cent at the time of Jamaican independence in 1962, it has risen another 5 per cent. Some of the rise can be traced to the strict British immigration policy that virtually sealed off the flow of West Indian

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émigrés into London. In both islands there is a disenchantment with the realization that independence and black government have not meant instant prosperity. Trinidad, which has had Dr. Williams as Prime Minister since 1956, was the beneficiary of the Suez crisis which closed the canal to Middle East oil shipments. Texaco, which assumed control of Trinidad's major oil fields the same year, doubled its output by 1960. The effervescence of prosperity subsided by the mid-Sixties, and the growing unemployment was exacerbated by a social split between the industrious agrarian Indians who had come to the island as indentured laborers and the blacks who flocked to the urban centers.

Jamaica's problem is aggravated by its two-tiered economy. While its unemployment represents what opposition leader Michael Manley calls an "indefensible social injustice," the country exists, as he puts it, "within the context of a conspicuous-consumption, show-piece development and spectacular Beverly Hills living among the highly prosperous Jamaican middle class." A second city in a section of the capital called New Kingston is sprouting tall hotels, gleaming office buildings, and shopping centers. In old Kingston, twenty minutes away, the shabby waterfront is being demolished in a massive refurbishment program. New docks are being built, and a causeway has been thrown across a neck of water opening a new beach within reach of the capital.

Despite the inequity, both the government leaders of the Jamaica Labor Party, now in power, and the opposition leaders of the more liberal People's National Party see what one calls "an astonishingly low degree of active discontent." For one thing, West Indian unemployment cannot be equated with a similar situation in the northern latitudes. In Jamaica there are no frigid winters to endure, the countryside and the seas are bountiful providers, and the job opportunities are casual and revolving. The Jamaican community still operates on a share-pot system in which those who are working help those who are not.

Without these modifying elements the creeping unemployment might be instantaneously explosive. Sparks are constantly being thrown off by the young intellectuals, many of whom inhabit the teaching rostrums of the University of the West Indies at Kingston and on its allied campus outside Port of Spain. Most of them base their sense of outrage on the social and economic injustices that they coat with the chocolate of black power, a palatable, understandable term that has worldwide currency as well as emotional validity and relevance. There is surely a correlation in Jamaica between color and economic status.

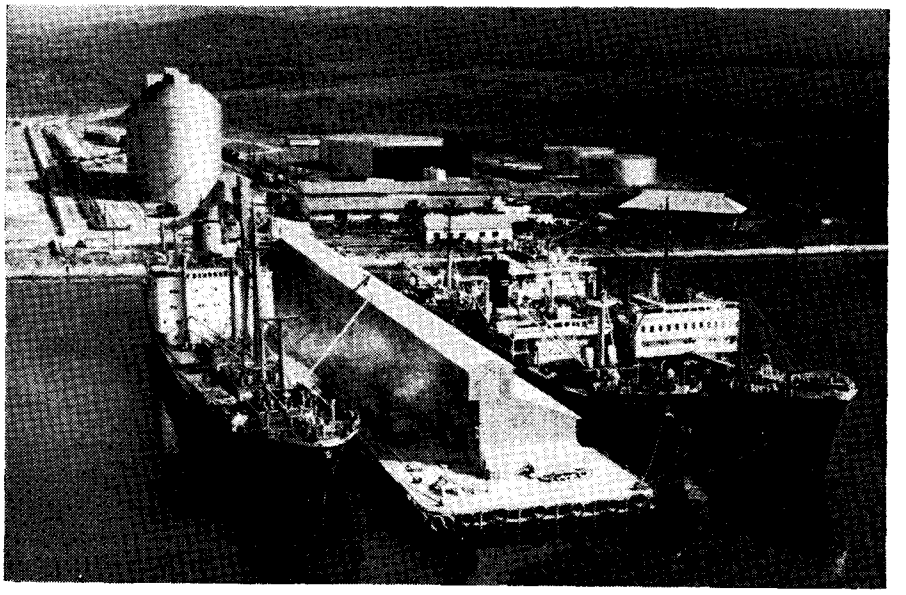
Under any definition, black power in Jamaica is split, factional, small, and without much visible power base. The vocal practitioners of black power range from fractious Castroite Marxists to those who rather mildly seek African alignment. At one radical pole is Trevor Monroe, a young university lecturer whose home is decorated with a poster of Mao on his famous swim and who now charges for interviews (the only known taker so far has been a reportorial team from *Stern*). "If Trevor Monroe had never heard of the phrase 'black power,'" says Michael Manley, "Trevor Monroe would believe in state ownership and he would be anti-imperialist. Put him in the London School of Economics as a white boy and he'd say, 'I want to be in the Communist Party and nationalize things.'"

On the other end is Abeng Doonquah, a black dentist whose name was originally Douglas. He claims friendship with Nkrumah and says he once roomed with Julius Nyerere, from whom he learned principles of African socialism. Doonquah worries about what kind of girls are representing Jamaica in international beauty contests, the shade of color of stewardesses aboard Air Jamaica, and whether Jamaica's motto—"Out of many, one people"—really implies mongrelization of its races.

Considerably more pertinent are such angry theorists as Bobby Hill, twenty-seven, a light-skinned, highly literate, highly articulate exponent of black awareness and social justice who teaches African history at Dartmouth. Hill feels the struggle around blackness in the Caribbean is the outcome of the failure of so-called Negro suffrage granted by the British in 1944. "If you have universal suffrage," he says, "one-man-one-vote, mass political parties, mass trade union organizations, popularly elected parliament, executive power, and with all of this you can't effect the transition from the plantation dominance of sugar, you can't alter the structure of bauxite exploitation of land, you cannot seriously alter the monopoly over banking and finance, and you become more deeply entrenched in a new style of the old mercantilist trade pattern, then universal suffrage has failed."

Hill calls the transfer of political power from the colonial office to the elected black representatives a myth. He cites the Trinidadian situation of last spring. When the people rose against the Williams government, the army, in his words, "split apart, and the middle classes ran for cover." He thinks the Trinidad experience is an indication that the island governments are not "rooted in the soil of the country." He thinks this tradition of power ought to be scrapped and power be returned to the native land over its social resources, the use of its labor, its land, and its native intelligence. "We must finish away with phony independence and reclaim our resources," he says. Specifically, he is asking for at least 51 per cent participation in bauxite and an outright expropriation of sugar. "My grandfather died in that goddamn cane field, and if they haven't made enough money in it by now, it's too bad." He would like to see a complete, uncompromising land reform. He sees little reason for so many Caribbean islands to be growing sugar when they would provide a more balanced

(*Continued on page* 36)



Alcan's bauxite refinery, Port Esquivel, Jamaica—"We must finish away with phony independence and reclaim our resources."

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On Rising to the Occasion

During the recent week-long police strike in New York City, things remained overwhelmingly normal despite everyone's apprehensions. It is true that the police work-stoppage took place while a severe cold spell gripped the city and that smart use of officer personnel helped matters along. The fact is that the crime wave, the rioting, the traffic jams, and the general disturbances that hit Montreal during its police strike in 1969 had no counterpart at all in New York City, and there may be a fundamental reason for this.

Dr. Morton Bard, professor of psychology at the City College of New York and a former policeman, sees New Yorkers as "very special cats." He puts it this way: "Life in New York requires a special kind of discipline, an internal discipline; so even when external controls go, this internal discipline is there." In other words, people in a great city the size of New York live in such constant turmoil, frustration, and an aura of crisis in their day-to-day routines that when something as basically unsettling as a strike by most of the city's police comes along, the average metropolitan simply lengthens his stride a bit.

Nothing proved this point as dramatically as New Yorkers' performance during the blackout of November 1965. The city has never been as fine a place as it was that night. Everyone seemed to rise to the occasion. In darkened Grand Central Terminal, packed from door to door at the very height of the rush hour, long queues formed in front of every available telephone booth, and people were soon running out of dimes. In one particular line, an elderly lady saw three teen-age toughs roaming nearby, summoned them, handed one of them a dollar bill, and asked if he would go to a nearby newsstand and get change for her. If ever there was an opportunity for the disappearance of both messenger and money, this was it, but in less than five minutes the three tough-looking sidewalk cowboys were back with two quarters and five dimes, the best they had been able to arrange on such short notice. Acts similar to this one were repeated uncounted times during that black and memorable night. The great city had simply risen to the occasion. Life in New York had required a special kind of daily discipline that stood the city in good stead when a new crisis came.

American history brims with men, singular and ensemble, who rose to the occasion. Some of them were Presidents; notably, one Chester A. Arthur, who went to the White House when James A. Garfield was assassinated. Considered by many as just a ward-heeling politician, President Arthur rose to the occasion where no one had expected it—he was the father of the Civil Service, antidote to political patronage. Of all the men who have served as our Chief Executive, President Arthur came to that office with undeniably the poorest advance press and the least hope of an honest and fruitful administration. Yet, few Presidents have done as well as he, and, when he left office, none other than Mark Twain said of him that no American had served his country as wisely and as well or more surely deserved re-election. Arthur was not even renominated. The very Civil Service he had created cost him so much political patronage and so many friends that he never had a chance.

Men in groups rise to the occasion, and the occasion is very often, in this country, the rescue of a fellow man or men. How many stories have made headlines about extraordinary bravery in the recovery of trapped miners or sunken submarine crews? The heroic *Squalus* rescue, the attempt to free Floyd Collins, the relief of U.S. troops trapped at Christmas in the Battle of the Bulge, Sheridan's ride up the Shenandoah Valley to turn certain defeat into victory, Truman's fantastic rising to the occasion after FDR's sudden death, the American air lift that saved Berlin and the German people from total Communist domination.

More recently, we have read of the tremendous fortitude and stamina of Gulf shoreline victims of Hurricane Camille, a killer rainstorm in August 1969, carried along by 200-mile winds and the lowest barometric reading ever recorded on the North American continent—26.2 inches of mercury. Equally heartening was the response from one end of the United States to the other from American neighbors who came through with rebuilding money and physical assistance to the completely devastated ports and coastal towns where 172 had died and all that was left were debris and hope.

And in recent days, the earthquakes in Los Angeles brought out the very best in citizens from coast to coast. Everyone pitched in, and contributions came from every corner of the Union. Once again the American people had risen to the occasion, as they seem to do when the situation demands.

—Richard L. Tobin.

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Letters to the Editor

The Question of Surveillance

How fortunate that Peter Schrag in his editorial "The Invisible Intruders" [*SR*, Jan. 30] has chosen to battle the "military monster" armed with pen rather than sword, for, if it were the latter, the death blow would long since have silenced that supposed usurper of Constitutional liberties.

Crusading in defense of personal liberties is a noble enough endeavor, but it should not cloud one's thinking to the point where it overshadows and endangers the life source of a nation, its internal security. Granted that military surveillance of certain individuals and activities can at times reach burlesque proportions and may require certain adjustments, but this warrants neither the extinction of so vital a function nor an exposé that will achieve the same end. The fact remains that there are individuals and organizations within the United States whose activities necessitate constant vigil. Either overtly or covertly they subscribe to philosophies and ideologies that challenge and directly threaten the existing democratic order.

A healthy nation is obviously judged by its capacity to accommodate change and revolutionary ideas, but when their expression takes the form of bombings, burnings, and kidnapings, then they no longer act as stimulants toward growth but reveal themselves as destructive parasites and must therefore be treated as such.

Raymond Strungys,
Chicago, Ill.

While reading Peter Schrag's recent editorial, I confess to a substantial feeling of uneasiness. The extent of the Army's activity in domestic espionage is well known and, in itself, disturbing enough. When one also realizes that many other agencies furnish personal data on American citizens to government snoops, one wonders what may happen to freedom of speech, especially honest dissent.

When many of our most dedicated and respected citizens are under constant surveillance by irresponsible hordes of chauvinists and other gangs of self-appointed spies, we may well question whether we are still a nation of free men or merely subjects for vermin who toy with data illegally gathered, exchanged, and sold.

Edward H. Dare,
Stamford, Conn.

Bridge over Troubled Waters

Coming through the voluminous flak of contemporary rhetorical dictum is a sense of clarity and sensitivity in John D. Rockefeller 3rd's article "Reconciling Youth and the Establishment" [*SR*, Jan 23]. For a welcome change, Mr. Rockefeller offers amenable business endeavors in ameliorating the social chasm now existing between youth and the Establishment.

Unquestionably, college youths are uptight over Vietnam, booming drug use, poverty, overpopulation, pollution, and racism. We do not need experimental research, quasi-experimental research, on-the-street interviews, or "rap" sessions to verify these findings. Yet, are these not the paramount concerns of all Americans?

From my experiences with college and university students, I find that the overwhelming majority of the under-thirty generation is filled with an ebullience and commitment surpassed by no other group in America today. What college and university students are calling for is a sense of *genuine* and *true* direction (relevancy, if you will) in negating the social ills confronting our nation.

Perhaps it is too early to place full credence in a youth-Establishment reconciliation, collaboration, or a cooperative blending of adjunct energies. However, Rockefeller sets forth a viable arena for such speculations. Possibly it is time for the Establishment to capitalize on Disraeli's assertion that "almost everything that is great has been done by youth."

Henry E. Schmitt,
Assistant Professor,
Department of Education,
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
and State University,
Blacksburg, Va.

Reading John D. Rockefeller 3rd's recent article is like viewing a cliff-hanger—time and time again he approaches the heart of the issue but, unfortunately, never reaches the understanding he sincerely believes he has achieved.

Perhaps Mr. Rockefeller's business background makes his systems approach inevitable. His "thing" is management. Perhaps that is why our youth are frustrated and are, as Mr. Rockefeller states, taking "a radical view of society."

The answer to reconciliation is not surveys, projects, cooperation. Simply meeting together, talking together, even working together will not solve this alienation, bridge this gap. Youth wants to see and believe that a basic change has occurred in the Establishment—that the older generation not only recognizes its errors but desists from committing them. This is important because when these "mistakes" occur and recur they are no longer seen as error but as policy.

At the heart of this matter is the belief among youth that the symptoms of poverty, racism, pollution, drug addiction, and warfare are not the products of mistakes past, but that they are deliberate actions. Thus, reconciliation becomes possible only when a basic change in philosophy appears, a society dedicating itself unreservedly to economic justice, brotherhood, appreciation of our environment, self-respect, and peace.

Martin E. Cornman,
Principal,
Columbia High School,
East Greenbush, N.Y.

Stet

I noted, with a mixture of amusement and incredulity, Cleveland Amory's comment [trade winds, Feb. 6] wherein he described the statement from the Los Angeles *Times* that the leaders of the World's Greatest Jazzband had been "state-and-country-hopping as if their wives depended on it" as a typo. The error was Mr. Amory's. I can assure him that the bandleaders in question, Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart, and their wives, were quite aware of the deliberate nature of my innocent play on words.

Leonard G. Feather,
North Hollywood, Calif.

"Fullmer! Get off the people's back!"

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Importations

ALL OF A SUDDEN, domestic movies are being crowded in upon by productions from elsewhere. This may be partly due to the current filmic slowdown by the major American companies, thus leaving a gap through which foreign films can infiltrate, but it is probably also a matter of season. American companies seem to be concentrating their releases during certain set periods when statistics show higher attendance figures: Easter, midsummer, after Labor Day, Thanksgiving, and, of course, the Christmas holiday season. This week has the look, particularly in New York City, of a miniature foreign film festival, with films from Spain, France, England, and indeterminate co-production combinations, one of the more exotic being *The Night Visitor*, which, judging by cast and participants, must be labeled a Swedish-Danish-English-American film.

A fairly heavy-handed psychological terror film, it stars such European heavyweights as Trevor Howard, Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, and Per Oscarsson. It was produced by Mel Ferrer, who might be classified as international-American; directed by Laszlo Benedek, formerly of Hollywood; filmed in Sweden and Denmark; and co-financed by UMC, an American firm run by the genial Sidney Glazier. And what has emerged? Something beneath the abilities of everyone concerned. Max von Sydow plays an escapee from an insane asylum with a penchant for avenging himself with an ax; Trevor Howard is a baffled police inspector; Per Oscarsson is a doctor; Liv Ullmann is his wife; and there are few survivors of the group by the end of the gothic story. The real mystery of this film is how they all managed to get together to do it.

From Spain comes *The Garden of Delights* (shown during the most recent New York Film Festival), a slow-moving but intriguing tale of a Spanish tycoon partially paralyzed and deprived of his memory by an auto accident. Surrounded by a seemingly loving family, confined to a wheel chair, the poor chap must submit to a series of staged events from his past, aimed at shocking back his memory, which will then, hopefully, provide the number of his secret, Swiss bank account. Carlos Saura, the director and co-writer, has far more than suspense in mind, and, in fact, by the end it hardly matters if the man's memory is restored or not. Saura is more concerned with the social, psychological, and even metaphorical revelations that emerge from the situation.

The tycoon's wife wants the combination to the bedroom safe, his aging father wants that Swiss account number, his mistress wants her sustenance, and his business associates want the industries he has developed and controlled. Saura brings in residues of the Spanish Civil War and ironic comments on Spanish Catholicism, but in so veiled and equivocal a manner that it must be assumed he is avoiding censorship problems. The performance of the mental and physical cripple by José Luis Lopez-Vazquez is a tour de force of a sort; he must act a man regressed to near infancy, struggling to lift an arm, possessed by fantasies, delusions, romantically colored memories, and capable of violence. While pathetic, he is also symbolic of an ultimate corruption. The problem cinematically is that the acting is torturously slow in movement, and the film has a way of crawling from incident to incident. Nevertheless, it has its striking aspects.

The Tender Moment, from France, bore in French the title *La Leçon Particulière*, but it might just as easily have been called *A Boy and a Woman*, for it has all the earmarks of a spin-off from Claude Lelouch's *A Man and a Woman*, even to a Francis Lai musical score replete with soaring tender moments. This film, directed by Michel Boisrond, tells of a high school boy of perhaps sixteen or seventeen who encounters a racing driver in a Lamborghini; then, a day later, the boy comes upon the same car but now driven by an attractive woman who must be all of twenty-five. She, it turns out, is the girlfriend of the racing driver.

Well, this being a French movie, the boy (Renaud Verley) and the woman (Nathalie Delon) are soon deliberating whether to go to bed with each other during the absence of the racing driver, who is participating in the Indianapolis 500, and who is seen by them and us on television. After due consideration, the boy does sleep with the woman, an affair that eventually leads to what we might term the sorrows of young Verley. The movie is pleasant enough to watch, but it does give one a distinct feeling of *déjà vu*.

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The Man Whose Alter Ego Is Abram Tertz

by THEODORE SOLOTAROFF

FOR FREEDOM OF IMAGINATION
by Andrei Sinyavsky

translated from the Russian
by Laszlo Tikos and Murray Peppard

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.95

During the six years before his arrest in 1965, Andrei Sinyavsky must have led a strange double life. In the literary circles of Moscow, he was known as a research scholar at the Gorky Institute for World Literature. He also wrote regularly for *Novy Mir*, a journal that was cautiously attempting to liberalize Soviet letters. Of the essays and reviews that Sinyavsky produced in this period, and to this end, those that have been collected and translated in *For Freedom of Imagination* reveal him to be not only a keen literary critic but also an astute diplomat, who coolly argued for individuality and complexity as being in the best interests of the literature produced by and for a communist culture. Meanwhile, the works that he was writing, and publishing in the West, under the pseudonym "Abram Tertz" were so intensely individual and complex, so caustically ironical about Soviet positivism, and so obsessed with the "dark and magical night of Stalin's dictatorship" and its aftermath that it is still difficult to relate the sober, circumspect, relatively orthodox scholar to the free, mordant, and occult spirit who wrote under the disreputable name of Abram Tertz, which, I am told, is taken from a song about black markets, ribaldry, Jewishness, and other anti-Soviet activities that recur in his fiction.

Leading this dangerous double life, as a secret agent of the imagination, it is hardly surprising that Sinyavsky should have written the fiction he did. His two novels, like his stories, are filled with divided men who are ruled by suppression and surveillance, both external and internal, as well as by sudden bursts of psychic energy. Most of them inhabit a narrow fringe of being that is swept by forces of authority, parapsychology, and paranoia. The first Abram Tertz novel, *The Trial Begins*, opens with its putative author being visited by two plain-clothes men, who scoop up the characters and punctuation marks from a page of his writing and then announce: "You are being trusted." A huge fist, visible through the wall of the writer's room, appears in the sky; other walls open so that he can observe the lives led behind them. One man is singled out, and a voice behind the fist tells the narrator that this bureaucrat is "my beloved and faithful servant. Follow him, dog his footsteps, defend him with your life. Exalt him!" The last the writer cannot bring himself to do. The man in question, Prosecutor Globov, is indefatigably fatuous and longs for a sensational public trial of a Jewish doctor to clear the air. Globov and his fellow-officials present a cheerful, friendly face to the world; their politics are "all inside them, hidden in that secret place where other mortals kept their vices." The writer attempts to suppress his account of Globov's circle, but his rough drafts are retrieved by a device installed in the sewer pipe, and he is convicted of slandering his "positive heroes" by not "portraying them in all the fullness of their many-sided working lives."

As elsewhere, life follows art in the Soviet Union, and the trial of Sinyav-

THEODORE SOLOTAROFF is editor of *New American Review* and author of a recently published collection of essays on writing in the 1960s, *The Red Hot Vacuum*.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

23 **"For Freedom of Imagination,"** by Andrei Sinyavsky

25 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

26 **"Letters of Thomas Mann 1889-1955,"** selected by Richard and Clara Winston

27 **"Mark Twain: An American Prophet,"** by Maxwell Geismar

29 **"The War of the Innocents,"** by Charles Bracelen Flood; **"War Games,"** by James Park Sloan; **"The Killing Zone,"** by William Crawford Woods

30 **"The Time of Adam,"** by Elizabeth Cullinan

30 **"The View from Tower Hill,"** by John Braine

32 **"Truth and Power: Essays of a Decade, 1960-70,"** by Hans J. Morgenthau

33 **Criminal Record,** by Haskel Frankel

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"Did you hear what I said? I said, 'This is Harry Ettinger, and I'm too important to talk to a recording!'"

sky and Yuli Daniel was conducted under the spell, as it were, of the bureaucratic mentality satirized in *The Trial Begins*. A small and red-bearded man, who is said to look like a "good-natured goblin," Andrei Sinyavsky has X-ray vision for the pretenses and crudities that stuff the shirts of the Soviet authorities, and, though enigmatic and jocular, he cannot help but draw blood. His wit is as eccentric and deadly as Gogol's, and seems as much in possession of him as he is of it. Again like Gogol, he loves to play with the supernatural, to see double. "Art is jealous," Sinyavsky writes. "Moving away from inexpressive 'givens,' it—by force of its burning imagination—paints a second universe in which occurrences unfold at a heightened tempo and in a bared form."

So it is in his brilliant second novel, *The Makepeace Experiment*, in which a bicycle mechanic turns mesmerist and leads his backwoods community through a re-enactment of the history of Bolshevism. The tale is told by an old librarian, who is under the spell of a spirit from the nineteenth century—one Proferansov, a friend of the great eighteenth-century French chemist Lavoisier and Tolstoy. The novel becomes a beautifully fused mixture of old and new Russian illusions and phantoms, while, prey to the mischances and perversities of power, life moves slowly on to the only freedom that is final and complete—death.

The theme of possession by a demonic force that drives men to express themselves, to act out their fantasies (with the result that they usually end up in Siberia), runs through Sinyavsky's *Fantastic Stories*. A young workman goes to the circus and, inspired by the acrobats and a sleight-of-hand artist, "the Manipulator," decides to enliven his dull life by performing similar feats. After picking a pocket, he is off on a series of manic adventures: the world cooperates and even for a time seems to become a circus in which he is the star performer. But eventually Konstantin commits a burglary and shoots "the Manipulator," for which he is sentenced to Siberia. One fine morning, though, as he marches with the work gang, his inspiration returns, and Konstantin goes leaping and hurtling toward freedom until a guard's bullet sends him into a climactic and terminal somersault.

In one form or another, the "extraneous and magnanimous supernatural power" that brings Konstantin to the fulfillment of his destiny visits each of Sinyavsky's heroes. "The Icicle" concerns a man who briefly acquires the gift of clairvoyance, and, with it, visions of the transmigration of his soul and of other souls. Sinyavsky seizes upon this motif with a particular intensity: the metempsychoses that the character helplessly witnesses clearly reflect a strong, existential feeling about the nature of the self that cannot be far from Sinyavsky's own:

> Men are so made that they never find their appearance quite convincing. When we look in a mirror, we never cease to be amazed. "Is that ghostly reflection really mine?" we ask. "It can't be." . . . I imagine that there is someone inside us who violently objects at every attempt to persuade him that the person he sees in front of him is none other than himself . . . and so we begin to bluster, and make faces as though to express our skepticism about the apparition defiantly stuck there in front of us.

Shortly thereafter, the narrator, having watched several of his past funerals, is horrified by a vision of "himself" being hanged in a later incarnation; it is as if the face of his future torment were staring at him across the desert of time. In the story "You and I"—a chilling study in the dynamics of schizophrenia—there is a similar queasy fluidity and separation of the ego in a parapsychological context, this time carried to pathological lengths by a character who spies on himself.

All of which seems to indicate not only the habitual direction of Sinyavsky's imagination but also the extreme tensions under which he labored in his dual life as a writer. Such tensions proved to be very fruitful, since they placed him in immediate touch with the inner, secret life of a society ruled by a mesmeric terror and faith. Sinyavsky's ventures into the occult are seldom more than an irony away from a critique of the monstrous idealism of Stalinist thought control. At the same time, Sinyavsky rightly speaks of himself as an "idealist," and his inspiration, like his peril, lies in his responsiveness to demonic and psychic forces, as well as political ones. In his story "The Graphomaniacs," which Sinyavsky at his trial suggested might contain "certain autobiographical features," one of the legion of Soviet scribblers announces that the only purpose and hope of writing is "self-suppression":

> That's why we labor in the sweat of our brow and cover wagonloads of paper with writing—in the hope of stepping aside, overcoming ourselves, and granting access to thoughts from the air. They arise spontaneously, independently of ourselves. . . . You composed one thing yourself, so that it's worthless, while another thing is not

(*Continued on page* 42)

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Shoe Fits Palestinian Foot

MUCH AS I HAVE ADMIRED David Schoenbrun as a Vietnam correspondent, his comparison of Israeli to Vietnamese nationalism is not apt [*SR*, Feb. 6]. The shoe fits the other foot too well.

Does Mr. Schoenbrun expect the Palestinian Arab, struggling for his own home these many years against the West, to cease that struggle as the U.S. expects of Hanoi? He does not ask why Shochat wished to remove from purchased land the "Arab laborers," many of whom were the traditional tenant-farmers for absentee owners. Nor does he ask why Bar Giora and Hashomer were then found necessary for "self-defense."

MARGARET S. HOELL,
Galion, O.

Wasteful Radicalism

JOHN HUGHES'S REVIEW of Sean O'Faolain's *The Talking Trees* [*SR*, Feb.7] is far too petulant and destructive for me to attempt a rebuttal of his attacks on Ireland and the Church ("giddy provinciality" indeed!). I am sure that your readers could sense the kind of wasteful radicalism that hides behind such criticism. I remember a conversation I had with that neglected genius, Oliver Gogarty, shortly after the last war, in which Gogarty discussed the "Bolshevik craziness" of his former childhood friend, James Joyce. I am sorry to note that Mr. Hughes is attempting to keep this ugly anti-Irish tradition alive, and I shall return to Ireland after my present visit here with the firm hope that Mr. Hughes confines himself and his efforts to this side of the Atlantic.

ANNA MULCAHY,
New York, N.Y.

Not in This Woman's Book

I AGREE HEARTILY with Adeline Krone's criticism [BOOK FORUM, Jan. 30] of the review of Laura Hobson's book *The Tenth Month*. Edwin Fadiman, Jr., expresses great admiration for "the vital and interesting" heroine. Let's look at the record: An uncalled-for abortion early in her marriage, at that time supposedly happy, then years of maudlin yearning for a child, divorce, and eventually pregnancy at the end of an affair—not a love affair—just an affair, and not the first, followed immediately and almost at first sight by another adulterous (if the word isn't out of style) affair. Mr. Fadiman hastens to assure us that she didn't know she was pregnant then. The truth is that she didn't have the doctor's verdict, but she herself was quite confident that she was pregnant.

For months she continues to go to bed with her lover, who neglects a family which needs him, kind and gentle though Mr. Fadiman finds him; then back to bed with him as soon as the doctor allows it after the birth, only to find that she doesn't care all that much, especially when she learns that her doctor is in love with her. All in ten months—a baby and two insatiable lovers, and another on ice ready to be defrosted!

Mr. Fadiman, licking his chops, calls this a "woman's book." Well, here is one woman who was disgusted with the author, the heroine, and with herself for even skimming a condensed version.

KATRIN MORRIS,
Bennington, Vt.

Patron Saint of Women's Lib

THESE NOTES ARE ADDRESSED to Barbara Bowditch, who spoke of St. Uncumber [BOOK FORUM, Jan. 30], and to Liberated Women.

The most ancient crucifixes represented the crowned Christ as clothed in a long Byzantine robe, with full beard and flowing hair and impaled by four nails. By the Medieval Age, this four-nail, clothed crucifix had been superseded by the more artistic three-nail, loin-clothed figure.

Unaware of the substitution, the fertile imaginations of the Middle Ages produced a legend to account for the androgynous figure. This effigy was said to have been a daughter of the king of Portugal, sought in marriage by a prince. She prayed God for disfigurement, to preserve her from marriage. In answer to her prayer, she grew a full beard, and the prince, appalled at her transformation from a Sex Image, abandoned his suit. The angry king crucified her.

Her worship, for reasons clear to Liberated or Exploited Women, spread through Europe as Santa Liberata, Sanct Oncommer, Sainte Wilgeforte, Maid Uncumber. Even in the sixteenth century offerings of oats were rendered to her statue in St. Paul's Cathedral—by women who sought deliverance from the matrimonial yoke. St. Wilgeforte is still worshiped in the little church just outside the Abbey of St. Wandrille in Normandy. There can be seen offerings of wheaten bread from her votaries seeking relief from only the pangs of dyspepsia and the difficulties of earning their daily bread.

How appropriate that this sainted maiden be entered in the Saints' Calendar as Patron Saint of Women's Liberation.

KARL E. SANDBANK,
Pleasant Valley, N.Y.

Unseemly Scourged Bystander

BENJAMIN DEMOTT'S REVIEW of my book, *Of a Fire on the Moon* [*SR*, Jan. 16], was nicely critical and well written. All the more pity it was flawed by an attack on Eddie Bonetti, who whatever his vices (and the first seems to be that he is one of my best friends) certainly was unseemly scourged by DeMott's diatribe against him. It certainly must be the first time in the world of letters that an innocent bystander has been run over by a literary critic.

NORMAN MAILER,
Provincetown, Mass.

"Never mind your vow of silence—say 'ah'!"

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LETTERS OF THOMAS MANN 1889-1955

selected and translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston

Knopf, 718 pp., $17.50

Reviewed by Leon Edel

■ This is the first gathering in English of Thomas Mann's letters since his death fifteen years ago. As such it has considerable importance, for it offers us the picture, for the first time, of the great German novelist—and the great German exile—in his daily familiar converse with the world. The present volume, "a selection from a selection," was compiled from the three volumes of *Briefe* published in Germany by Mann's daughter Erika, herself highly selective, between 1962 and 1965. Many more letters exist in the Mann archive in Zurich and in various private and public collections. Still others disappeared in Nazi Germany, and no one knows how many will ultimately survive. The volume before us, therefore, has its limitations; lacking in proportion, it is a partial portrait of the "epistolary Mann." The earlier years of any writer are invariably more sparsely documented than his later years: and here the Thomas Mann of *Buddenbrooks*, "Death in Venice," *The Magic Mountain*, the laureate of the Nobel Prize, is only occasionally glimpsed in the first 200 pages; it is in the remaining 500 that we have a full picture of the Mann of exile, the author of the Joseph series and of *Doctor Faustus*, the Olympian who for some years lived in our midst.

We approach these letters with abundant knowledge; Mann's own writings have had in them a large vein of autobiography; and his education—mental and spiritual—was reflected for all his readers in the education of Hans Castorp and in such essays as his reflections on an "unpolitical" man—himself. A large mythic imagination overcame the limitations of Mann's bourgeois "conditioning." His future biographers will know how to explore his quest for "the mean between the demonic and bourgeois mentality." Still, these letters offer us many new pictures. We are given moments from Mann's poetic wooing of his future wife—although most of the letters he wrote her disappeared in Germany. It was not an easy wooing. Katia Pringsheim had an exalted sense of her wooer's powers, understandably, and stood so in awe of them that she thought herself unworthy to be his wife. But Mann ultimately overcame this objection; love conquered, and she bore him three sons and three daughters. Perhaps the most charming part of this collection is the picture of Mann as family man, devoted to his wife and children—but a charismatic father whose towering fame created problems for his offspring.

No less vivid are the letters Mann wrote to his older brother, the novelist Heinrich Mann. Heinrich had broken early with the family's middle-classness. A pacifist during World War I and a friend of Romain Rolland, he could not accept Thomas Mann's blind Germanism of that time. Their ideological split was bitter, and Heinrich unforgiving. Only much later, in their common exile and before the common enemy, were they reconciled. A profoundly human drama, this war of the siblings—both novelists, both proud, both sternly "committed"—, is to be seen in these letters. Someday, it is to be hoped, we will have the total correspondence between them.

Lovers of Mann's work will be delighted to obtain fitful glimpses of the author of certain stories; the young writer on his first visit to Venice catches "the audible note of the Orient." At twenty-six we hear him exclaiming in the voice of his later Tonio Kröger, "Ah literature is death!" and expatiating on the slavery of the writing desk for a man who would like to live with his senses and physical being and tends instead to write about them. The young Thomas Mann also remarks on "death as a way of achieving its antithesis, *life!*" This, twenty years and more before *The Magic Mountain*.

The letters of his exile show that in the end the unpolitical man could be an astute political being—a strategist of expatriation, a writer of letters and manifestoes against Nazism. He is revealed as a man of open-hearted generosity in the midst of his own trials, using his high prestige to aid less fortunate refugees, engaging American help in finding them jobs and by his pen keeping before the world a vision of the "other" Germany whose symbol he became. There is a fascinating letter written at the war's end to a Nazi collaborator, the president of the Prussian Academy of Writers, who undertakes to summon Mann back to his homeland. Mann replies that he is alienated from Germany, and tells the presumptuous summoner that Germany is "a frightening country." Did

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH

Column 1 quotes some thoughts, edifying or otherwise, spoken by the reverend gentlemen of Column 2. Peggy and Richard Malishchak of Washington, D.C., would like you to match the speakers with their words and with the authors in Column 3. Repent your errors on page 33.

1. The blood of English shall manure the ground / And future ages groan for this foul act. ( )	A. Father Arnall	a. Charlotte Brontë
2. Scratch an Englishman, and find a Protestant. ( )	B. Thomas à Becket	b. Dickens
3. Woe to him who seeks to pour oil upon the waters when God has brewed them into a gale. ( )	C. Mr. Brocklehurst	c. T. S. Eliot
4. None of us are perfect. I myself am peculiarly susceptible to draughts. ( )	D. Bishop of Carlisle	d. Ben Jonson
5. If honest men did not squabble for money, . . . the dishonest men would get it all. ( )	E. Bishop Cauchon	e. Joyce
6. Deceit is, indeed, a sad fault in a child. ( )	F. Mr. Chadband	f. Melville
7. The children of perdition are oft-times/Made instruments even of the greatest works. ( )	G. Canon Chasuble	g. Shakespeare
8. Eternity! What mind of man can understand it? And remember, it is an eternity of pain. ( )	H. Dr. Grantly	h. G. B. Shaw
9. O glorious to be a human boy! ( )	I. Father Mapple	i. Trollope
10. The last temptation is the greatest treason: / To do the right deed for the wrong reason. ( )	J. Tribulation Wholesome	j. Wilde

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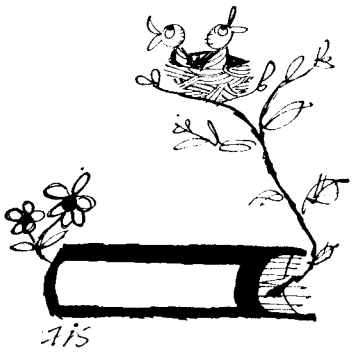
he think that "ties can be resumed as if these twelve years had never been?" And he adds, "In my eyes any books that could be printed in Germany from 1933 to 1945 are worse than worthless, and I am reluctant to touch them. A stench of blood and disgrace clings to them; they all ought to be pulped." Book-burners, Mann seems to have believed, forfeit all right to their own books. He had consistently protested against "German literature and art constantly serving as window-dressing for absolute monstrousness."

In his role as American, after he became a citizen, Mann could be quite as



forthright with the country of his adoption. He points to the irrationality in the talk of "the American Century": "if we do not succeed in buying the world away from socialism, there remains the A-bomb." Faced with this kind of savage reasoning, he asks, in 1948, "How much more is needed before the climate here approximates that of Germany around 1930?"

In certain ways the Thomas Mann of the letters is very like the Mann of his novels—he is humane; he probes for truth endlessly; he is grave, wise, rather German-solemn, and his laughter is the laughter of the mind and spirit rather than of the belly. Yet his letters have great vivacity. At times he seems to suffer fools gladly, and he is more than kind to critics who send him their manuscripts about Thomas Mann. He complains of, yet yields, out of necessity, to the importunities of the world—the lectures and public appearances, the debates in the press, the social occasions demanded of him. The letters document many of his minor debates, and some of his literary quarrels—but in these there is always the dignity of his pen, the pride of his craft, the temperateness of his wisdom. Unlike the letters of some men of genius, written merely as a chore, Mann's letters, even the simplest note, belong to literature. This makes one hope for the large collection we will need in the coming years. Until then this volume will admirably serve.

Leon Edel is a writer of biographies and an editor of letters.

MARK TWAIN:
An American Prophet

by Maxwell Geismar

Houghton Mifflin, 564 pp., $10

Reviewed by Brom Weber

■ In *Henry James and the Jacobites* (1963), Maxwell Geismar initiated an ugly political attack upon most American literary intellectuals for allegedly yielding to a modernist estheticism which, he claimed, had atrophied their humanistic values and blinded them to social realities. He substantiated some of his charge by examining the writings of James and noting that James's technical flaws, substantive narrowness, and cultural elitism had been irresponsibly rationalized by villainous critics into signs of great achievement.

Geismar's latest book scrutinizes a writer he adores—Mark Twain—who he believes has been grossly "denigrated and misunderstood" for the same cause that led to excessive adulation of James. But *Mark Twain: An American Prophet*, though opening as literary criticism and presenting a few genuinely valuable insights, declines rapidly into an obsessive political tirade against American culture and intellectuals of the past four decades. The end product is an apocalyptic New Left tract, replete with all the fever, anti-intellectualism, psychosocial fantasy, and messianism considered requisite nowadays to explode a reader's mind and send him off on a rampage.

The book's polemical violence is highlighted by a reckless scattering of unsupported allegations and slurring innuendoes. Conspiracy, dishonesty, censorship, opportunism, cowardice, stupidity, and psychic disorder are everywhere. *Mark Twain: An American Prophet*, consequently, is shrouded in a frantic paranoid fog that blurs the book's positive contributions. Most readers sharing Geismar's eagerness for social improvement, and a more comprehensive view of Twain, will be repelled by his self-righteous contempt for the reasonable, equitable spirit essential for a tolerable life in any society.

Equally regrettable is the slovenly craft that governed the making of *Mark Twain: An American Prophet*. The book is remarkably exhausting to read. Crudely stuffed with digressions, redundancies, afterthoughts, contradictions, involutions, self-answering questions, vague allusions and references, verbiage, and the like, these pages confuse more than they illumine. One yearns for the lucidity that Twain commanded even when he most passionately damned or celebrated.

Stylistic incoherence is complemented by structural chaos. Several books riot for attention in what, at first glance, gives the impression of being merely one. Most visible is a chronological apologia for Twain's work and life. Running alongside concurrently, and appearing at random, are a rancorous account of Twain critics and editors, an annotated anthology of Twain writings intended to counteract the concealment they assertedly have suffered, a critique of literary modernism's central tenets and those who have perpetrated them, and, finally, an exposé of the cultural fallacies and political pressures which allegedly have transformed literary men into *de facto* accomplices of a demonic Republic.

It is Geismar's judgment, in his penultimate chapter, that *Mark Twain: An American Prophet* "in a sense" is Twain's "newest book," composed on the model of Twain's *Autobiography*:

> those free and far-ranging and unconventional, and eloquent, and heartbreaking, and sometimes wrathful and angry and ironical and hilarious associations and sensations and speculations and sermons and dissertations and prophecies and condemnations, just as they came to him . . .

One cannot help recalling, while nodding agreement, that *Mark Twain's Autobiography* is in fact a misnamed collection of miscellaneous unpublished pieces composed over a forty-year span, poorly edited by Albert Bigelow Paine after Twain's death in 1910.

The mélange of *Mark Twain: An American Prophet* seems intended to elicit polarized responses. Some readers (perhaps those not familiar with American literary history and Twain scholarship or those troubled by contemporary social unrest) are expected to be driven by the book's "bardic poet-prophet" tone into the kind of ecstatic faith induced by divine revelation. Others (perhaps impatient with the disorder, the simplistic reductions of complexity, the partial truths, the emotional malevolence, the inaccuracies and generalizations) may be tempted into curt dismissal. They, happily, can be indicted as fascists.

The temptation to repudiate is ever-present, strongly so, because of the book's high perversity-quotient. The "frontier thesis," for example, was not "first expounded by Frederick Jackson Turner in the 1920s," but in 1893. Contrary to Geismar, it has all the truth of a vital myth that has affected American experience and is "obviously false" only as an all-embracing historical explanation.

That "almost every great writer has

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adhered to some form or another of a deterministic philosophy" is painfully absurd. It is not "safe to say that American literature as a whole until 1910, say, was a folk art when compared with the work of the modern group of expatriated intellectuals," not unless one is ready to deny that Poe, Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Howells, and others are American writers. It is misleading, when presenting Twain's approval of political assassination in tsarist Russia as a prophetic tidbit for the 1970s, not to inform readers of the contrary position Twain expressed in an attack on lynching in the United States:

> I do not dwell upon the provocation which moved the people to these crimes, for that has nothing to do with the matter; the only question is, does the assassin *take the law into his own hands*? It is very simple, and very just. If the assassin be proved to have usurped the law's prerogative in righting his wrongs, that ends the matter; a thousand provocations are no defense.

It is indefensible, when quoting Twain's evaluation of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, to delete that portion of it refuting one's argument: Twain's praise of Aldrich's "half a dozen small poems which are not surpassed in our language for exquisite grace and beauty and finish." Further indefensible not to acknowledge that Twain actually had eulogized Aldrich as a kindred spirit:

> When it came to making fun of a folly, a silliness, a windy pretense, a wild absurdity, Aldrich the brilliant, Aldrich the sarcastic, Aldrich the ironical, Aldrich the merciless, was a master.

But no reviewer can hope in brief space to indicate and refute the many irresponsibilities and anomalies of *Mark Twain: An American Prophet*. Ordinarily, a manuscript as controversial as this is given a pre-publication editorial review, so that its printed version will not be dismissed as an amateurish botch.

If Maxwell Geismar had not shown in the past that he was capable of some balanced judgment, his new book would not merit the attention it receives here. But his trilogy on the American novel and his other works did persuasively sustain the reputations of American realist and naturalist writers (Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, and Ring Lardner among others) when they unwisely were being depreciated as esthetically defective and intellectually shallow without exception.

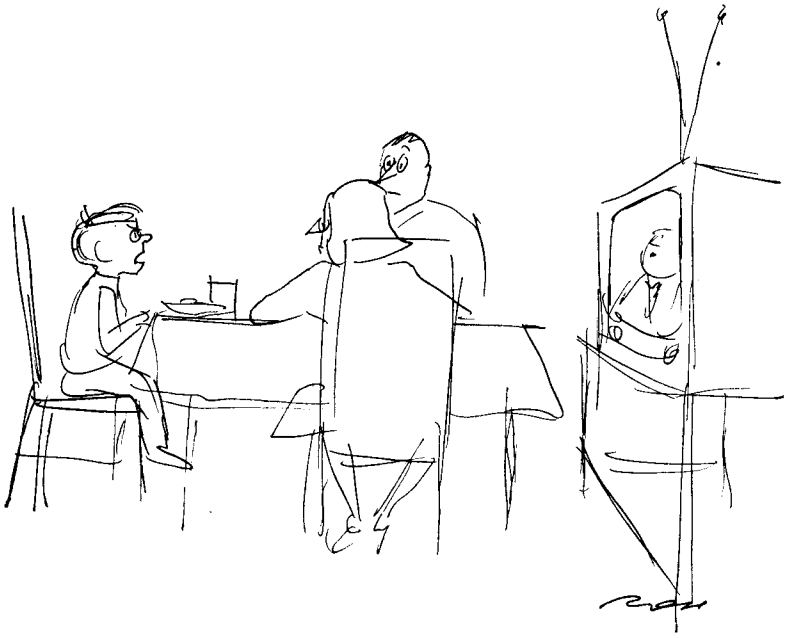
He correctly insists now that Twain cannot be considered solely as a fictionist, for his nonfictional prose is equally brilliant and profound. Thomas Blues, for example, is bound to produce a limited study when he attempts in *Mark Twain & the Community* to delineate "Twain's complex attitudes toward the relation of the individual to the community" and overlooks much pertinent nonfiction. Geismar also believes that Twain's humor and profundity have not been understood properly, that he was not ambivalent sexually nor frustrated psychologically or otherwise, that he did not suffer from any conflict of values, that he was not a materialistic opportunist in his later years but rather "the most notorious spy in the house of the American oligarchy."

There is sense in some of Geismar's theses as well as much hagiographical nonsense of the kind that Twain loved to ridicule. The issues raised by Geismar made their first appearance during Twain's lifetime. They have been debated ceaselessly since. That is clear-cut recognition and affirmation of an artist's enduring power and complexity. The continuing intellectual vitality and independence of this nation are also apparent, especially when neither one man's judgment of Twain nor that of a generation has been uniformly binding. Yet Geismar frenetically insists that, since the early 1920s, "a whole area of Twain's social criticism of the United States has been repressed or avoided by Twain scholars precisely because it is so bold, so brilliant, satirical, and prophetic."

There is no justification for that sensational canard. Such writers as Van Wyck Brooks, Bernard DeVoto, Louis J. Budd, William M. Gibson, Paul Carter, Henry Nash Smith, Kenneth S. Lynn, and Philip S. Foner (whose level-headed *Mark Twain: Social Critic* [1958] makes Geismar's book a pathetic anachronism) are among those who have dealt seriously with Twain's social criticism. Almost no one writing on Twain can avoid doing so, because the sociocultural content of his work is inescapable. Not all critics, of course, conform to Geismar's views. Admittedly, too, not everyone writing on Twain has been sufficiently gifted, knowledgeable, or interested to deal intensively with Twain's rich diversity. As for repression, much of Twain's unpublished writing was withheld by him during his lifetime, later published piecemeal and incompletely because of executors' restrictions and nonpolitical editorial vagaries. That writing is now being made available in carefully edited volumes, issued by university presses, under Modern Language Association guidelines ensuring fidelity to Twain's texts. Furthermore, American scholars have assiduously combed periodicals for his uncollected pieces and issued them in book form.

The tragedy of *Mark Twain: An American Prophet* is not in the politically symbolic case its author hoped to create. It lies rather in the book's illustration of the frightening extent to which our times have corroded the talent, intelligence, and good-will of an important man of letters.

Brom Weber has praised Mark Twain's social criticism in "The Art of American Humor" (1962, 1970) and reprinted it in "American Literature: Tradition and Innovation" (1969).



"I can't eat my spinach. I'm suffering from the discomfort of an upset stomach due to excessive acidity."

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THE WAR OF THE INNOCENTS

by Charles Bracelen Flood

McGraw-Hill, 480 pp., $7.95

WAR GAMES

by James Park Sloan

Houghton Mifflin, 186 pp., $4.95

THE KILLING ZONE

by William Crawford Woods

Harper's Magazine Press, 179 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by John Reed

■ In Charles B. Flood the fighting troops in Vietnam have found their Ernie Pyle. A Harvard graduate, Flood, who has written sophisticated novels, as well as short stories for the *New Yorker* and *Atlantic*, is president of the American Center of P.E.N. One would expect him to be a typical antiwar liberal. Yet the author of *The War of the Innocents* went to Vietnam in December 1966, for a full year, and came away an ardent admirer of the American troops he met. Almost every soldier encountered in his book is not only dedicated but heroic, and modest into the bargain.

Flood avoided Saigon and the mandarins, Oriental and Occidental, who run the war. Instead, his time was spent out in the "boonies" (or the Air Force equivalent, which is often pretty plush) in the company of middle-grade officers and lesser ranks. He flew dozens of missions in F-100 Supersabre jets, with Forward Air Controllers, and in helicopters. He went on an assault mission with a Navy river force. He accompanied civic action teams, Korean troops attacking a village, and Vietnamese troops with their American advisers in combat actions. He talked with local agricultural, political, and labor advisers. He was with the 3rd Battalion, 8th Infantry Regiment, 4th Infantry Division, all over Phu Yen Province, notably at Duc Co, where Charlie Company was overrun by a banzai charge, and at Dak To, where the biggest battle of the war up to that time was fought.

The author is not enthusiastic about everything he saw. He learned that the richest man in Tuy Hoa, where the F-100 base is located, pays a total of $350 in annual taxes; that the land reform program is a shambles. He discovered why the war is so expensive: costly air raids have been carried out to render oxcart trails temporarily unusable; a thunderous artillery barrage may be directed at a force of four Vietcong. He also found out why the war is so difficult to fight. A terrain consisting of triple-canopy jungle can hide a division from a helicopter hovering at tree-top height. In a "360-degree war" the enemy is likely to attack from any point on the compass. *The War of the Innocents* is the best book I have read on life with a handful of troops who are actually fighting the war.

The novel *War Games* is a different kettle of *nuoc mam*. Every writer has his own style of portraiture, and if Charles Flood is a Norman Rockwell, James Park Sloan is a hip George Grosz. All his soldiers have horns.

Sloan's antihero narrator drops out of Harvard and volunteers for Vietnam so he can write the definitive novel of the war. From the outset he has difficulties; in his army wars are fought only by people who don't want to fight them. Eventually he does get to Vietnam, but finds himself assigned as a clerk in a corps headquarters. The assignment clerk is a fellow-intellectual who practices eugenics by sending men with General Technical Test scores of less than 110 on combat jobs. Another clerk resegregates an entire division. Talk about *trahison des clercs*.

At corps headquarters the unnamed protagonist works with SFC Mooney, a born loser: "On his face is a fixed expression of the small man's burden. It contains the lost promotion and the small-town divorce with seedy revelations." Needless to say, he does not get along with Mooney. He does, however, get on swimmingly with Colonel Rachow, the G-3. Rachow needs him to help rearrange the organization chart, so that "in the labyrinth of lines, dotted, crossed, and broken, all roads literally led to Rachow." As a reward, the colonel allows him to seek combat with a Vietnamese Ranger unit on his day off. During an attack on a VC village, he murders the entire unit, the members of which had themselves been preparing to commit atrocities on the village females. For this exploit he receives the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry. On another occasion a bottle of Scotch wins him the Vietnamese National Medal. He earns a third decoration, the Bronze Star Medal, by hiding in a ditch.

This brief report does not begin to capture the flavor of the novel. Sloan has considerable power as a kind of mad aphorist. The book is studded with gems like these: "How much greater than outraged innocence is outraged guilt." "If I am truly an intellectual, the truth will not be in me." *War Games* could turn out to be the *Catch-22* of Vietnam.

With *The Killing Zone* the record of contemporary attitudes toward soldiering is complete. If Charles Flood admires soldiers unreservedly, and James Sloan gives them the rough side of his tongue, William Crawford Woods is ambivalent. The humanist in him abhors the trade of war, but close observation of some of its practitioners arouses a reluctant respect. And, on occasion, something more. Besides, there is the natural pragmatism of the combat-bound soldier to consider. As Private Pendleton (articulator of the author's philosophy) says to a moralizing friend: "There is a point where certain well-bred revulsions lose their practical value. . . . You put your soul and your ass in the balance sometime, buddy, and take a hard look. And tell me which is heavier."

The action in this slender novel takes place in a Stateside training camp. Lieutenant Thomas Track, ROTC, in civilian life a computer expert, arrives to take command of an infantry training unit. Already on the scene are First Sergeant Lawrence Melton, veteran of three wars, and a group of hard-nosed NCOs, all of whom, save one, are also combat veterans. That one is Sergeant William Cox, twenty years old, as much in love with soldiering as George S. Patton, Jr., and a fascinatingly complex human being. He is the most vividly drawn character in the book.

Given the nature of the men involved, Lieutenant Track is bound to have problems. But he compounds them by announcing that he intends to program his computer for small-unit combat actions. Sergeant Melton, a decent, bright, and literate man (a characterization that may be a first in the annals of draftee-written literature about "lifers") is appalled by this ultimate application of push-button warfare. What dismays him is the notion of killing without the saving presence of heroism to sanctify it. In the artfully inevitable climax, the technician and his machine make an error that tragically involves Pendleton and Cox.

Woods tells an absorbing tale. He also comes closer to explaining the mystery of what makes good men willingly embrace a bloody and brutal career (and patriotism has little to do with it) than almost any writer I know. Though he is a civilian at heart, he is an uncommonly perceptive one.

John Reed, who is a retired Army master sergeant, reviews books for a number of publications.

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THE TIME OF ADAM

by Elizabeth Cullinan

Houghton Mifflin, 178 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Muriel Haynes

■ Elizabeth Cullinan's characters are recruited from the Irish-American community of bourgeois Christendom, the unexceptional Roman Catholic rank and file. In their commonplace lives religion, too, has grown mundane and wears the attributes of any worldly insignia—complacent pride and clannishness, a prop to self-esteem, a form of social utility. These are the petit-Catholics, reassured by their contacts with priests and nuns (who are not themselves wholly immune from the faults of their flock), for whom crises of belief are unthinkable, since their faith is a means to avoid self-examination. Miss Cullinan is not a Catholic writer in the manner of Flannery O'Connor or Muriel Spark, for she is disinclined to wrestle with metaphysical questions, and stern doctrinal issues have no part in her text. She seems, rather, a writer about people who in their ordinary, less-than-spiritual lives, happen to have been born Catholics. Her preoccupation is with the frailties that corrode the virtue of Catholic truth, the total of those venial sins that betray its grace: self-righteousness, snobbery, passivity, the substitution of ritual and habit for engagement with life.

What concerns her most is moral responsibility, and her first reverence is for the sacredness of individual personality. A priest, in his role as authority, may be called Father Phil even by his own brothers and sisters, but the author's eye is on the fumbling, sweating man inside the cassock. At her best she transcends the parochial limits of her chosen milieu, and stretches it to nonsectarian, human dimension.

To find Miss Cullinan at her best, one must read her first novel, *House of Gold*, which was published last year, for most of the ten stories in *The Time of Adam* were collected and released in the wake of that more mature work, and seem to be limbering-up exercises for a developing talent. *House of Gold* is an unsentimental study of the confusion between myth and reality within a matriarchal clan to which the Church has granted a measure of upward mobility and immunity from self-doubt. Around the deathbed of an aged mother, a family bustles, makes telephone calls, worries about arrangements, wilts in the heat, argues, waits, and listens. In the course of the vigil, both the falseness and the dignity of the family relationships are revealed.

In these stories, which originally appeared in the *New Yorker*, there are hints of the theme to come, but the touch is often less certain, and some of the stories suggest a too-ready emulation of the expatiatory technique that characterizes that magazine. Incidents, slight and sometimes banal, are wrapped in layers of descriptive detail to form a kind of literary *trompe l'oeil*, in which there is less, rather than more, than meets the eye. The title story is an example: a polished exposition of life in a summer colony, it pursues a meandering course to end in a little girl's puzzlement at her first bruising by male supremacy. "The Ablutions" is also too easy, too extended for its point—a priest pulled up short in his sycophancy and love of ease by the revelation of his rich friends' vulgarity.

What saves Miss Cullinan even in such pat sketches, however, is her tender respect for the confused and well-intentioned. This is probably why the children in her stories are so consistently endearing and wholly without artifice. The alert observation so effective in her novel is seen in "The Reunion." Here the small, objective clues to class and character serve genuinely complex purposes. Each year Xavier and Edwina entertain a group of now-prosperous priests, old seminary brothers of Xavier's before he left his vocation. The dinner is a formal occasion to Edwina, who finds in the presence of the priests an illusion of prestige, but to Xavier it becomes a reproach for his own mediocrity, and a reminder of lost bonds of friendship. The tensions of a couple at cross purposes, disappointed in life and in each other, rise around the table. Disappointment, that state of muffled being, a retreat from humility and the courage essential to authentic love, is frequently explored in these writings, most subtly in "A Swim" and "A Sunday Like the Others." Ostensibly sexual episodes, chastely written and perceived with delicate irony, both are studies in bad faith.

The Time of Adam neither diminishes nor enhances Miss Cullinan's stature as a writer, but it does serve further to confirm her modern, undoctrinaire temper.

Muriel Haynes is a free-lance critic.

THE VIEW FROM TOWER HILL

by John Braine

Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 253 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Felicia Lamport

■ John Braine's sixth novel is a curiously tepid work to have come from the typewriter of one of the incorporating Angry Young Men. Over another signature, *The View from Tower Hill* might have seemed less pallid, but Braine's name triggers expectations of the kind of vitality, power, and urgency that filled his *Room at the Top*. The mood is quieter here and the pace more leisurely; John Braine's bodies are no longer smoldering with life but serenely and prosperously middle-aged.

The locale is again industrial Yorkshire, shown from the top and with considerable skill. But the top has lost its spinning momentum and the characters their motive force. They drift across the summit plateau, detached and insubstantial.

"Clive at first sight wasn't quite real," Braine writes of one his principal characters with perhaps unconscious candor. "Everything had gone too smoothly for him in the past; everything was going too smoothly for him in the present. At forty-six he could have passed as ten years younger." His wife, Robin, has "glided through babyhood and childhood and the very good convent school," much as Clive has "glided through his business life, cheerful and charming and unperturbed." The mill he has inherited is thriving, and his home is the Tower Hill of the title, an imposing house in a wealthy neighborhood.

When the novel opens, shortly before Clive's forty-seventh birthday, he and Robin seem the most fortunate of couples. But the narrative then doubles back through their past, dropping enough portents to make it apparent that Clive's birthday will be a watershed event. However, before it occurs the book is half finished, and neither Clive nor Robin yet seems real—perhaps because Braine is constantly interrupting them in mid-action with superfluous characterizations, assessments, sociological analyses and—most especially—itemized catalogues of the furnishings of every room a character enters—catalogues so frequent and exhaustive that one begins to feel lost in a pantechnicon.

When the long-awaited birthday arrives, the spate of unhappy love affairs it sets off seems unimportant: Braine's characters have become too blurred by his shifting focus and too placidly buried under their possessions to be

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Some 242 88 new books were published in 1970. Thirty-seven have been nominated for the 22nd Annual National Book Awards.

ARTS AND LETTERS

HAROLD BLOOM—Yeats, *Oxford University Press*

ROBERT COLES—Erik H. Erikson: The Growth of His Work, *Atlantic/Little, Brown*

NANCY MILFORD—Zelda: A Biography, *Harper & Row*

LEWIS MUMFORD—The Myth of the Machine: The Pentagon of Power, *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*

KENNETH REXROTH—The Alternative Society, Essays from the Other World, *Herder and Herder*

FRANCIS STEEGMULLER—Cocteau, *Atlantic/Little, Brown*

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LLOYD ALEXANDER—The Marvelous Misadventures of Sebastian, *E. P. Dutton*

VERA AND BILL CLEAVER—Grover (Illus. by Frederic Marvin), *J. B. Lippincott*

PAULA FOX—Blowfish Live in the Sea, *Bradbury Press*

ARNOLD LOBEL—Frog and Toad Are Friends (Illus. by the author), *Harper & Row*

E. B. WHITE—The Trumpet of the Swan (Illus. by Edward Frascino), *Harper & Row*

FICTION

SAUL BELLOW—Mr. Sammler's Planet, *Viking Press*

JAMES DICKEY—Deliverance, *Houghton Mifflin*

SHIRLEY HAZZARD—The Bay of Noon, *Atlantic/Little, Brown*

JOHN UPDIKE—Bech: A Book, *Alfred A. Knopf*

EUDORA WELTY—Losing Battles, *Random House*

HISTORY & BIOGRAPHY

JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS—Roosevelt: The Soldier of Freedom, *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*

DAVID DONALD—Charles Sumner and the Rights of Man, *Alfred A. Knopf*

ANDY LOGAN—Against the Evidence: The Becker-Rosenthal Affair, *McCall Publishing Company*

DUMAS MALONE—Jefferson the President: First Term, 1801-1805, *Little, Brown*

C. L. SULZBERGER—The Last of the Giants, *Macmillan*

POETRY

GREGORY CORSO—Elegiac Feelings American, *New Directions*

W. S. MERWIN—Carrier of Ladders, *Atheneum*

MARK STRAND—Darker, *Atheneum*

MAY SWENSON—Iconographs, *Scribners*

MONA VAN DUYN—To See, To Take, *Atheneum*

THE SCIENCES

GUSTAV ECKSTEIN—The Body Has a Head, *Harper & Row*

VICTOR FERKISS—Technological Man: The Myth and the Reality, *George Braziller*

IAN L. McHARG—Design with Nature, *Natural History Press*

THEODOR ROSEBURY—Life on Man, *Viking Press*

RAYMOND PHINEAS STEARNS—Science in the British Colonies of America, *University of Illinois Press*

TRANSLATION

JOSEPH BARNES—*The Fierce and* Beautiful World, Stories by Andrei Platonov, *E. P. Dutton*

RICHARD HOWARD—Professional Secrets, An Autobiography of Jean Cocteau (Drawn, from his lifetime writings, by Robert Phelps), *Farrar, Straus & Giroux*

FRANK JONES—Saint Joan of the Stockyards by Bertolt Brecht, *Indiana University Press*

GREGORY RABASSA—One Hundred Years of Solitude by Gabriel García Márquez, *Harper & Row*

EDWARD G. SEIDENSTICKER—The Sound of the Mountain by Yasunari Kawabata, *Alfred A. Knopf*

NORMAN R. SHAPIRO—Four Farces by Georges Feydeau, *University of Chicago Press*

Only 7 will win.

On Thursday, March 4, the seven winners of the 1971 National Book Awards will be honored in a special ceremony at Alice Tully Hall in New York's Lincoln Center. Each will receive a prize of $1,000 in recognition of outstanding achievement.

THE 22nd ANNUAL NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

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poignant. It may have been his intention to write with detachment about these drifting, detached people, but his lack of involvement leaves the reader adrift.

It is a pity. Braine has made a serious effort to probe the vacuum that lies under the upper crust, but nothing emerges with clarity except the static atmosphere of wealth, symbolized by Tower Hill, as it grows "visibly sleeker, almost self-satisfied, seeming on a fine day to be grooming like a cat."

Felicia Lamport is an author and critic whose books include "Mink on Weekdays," "Cultural Slag," and "Scrap Irony."

TRUTH AND POWER:
Essays of a Decade, 1960-70

by Hans J. Morgenthau

Praeger, 449 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Louis L. Snyder

■ Isaac Newton, discoverer of the law of universal gravitation, was a modest man. "If I have seen further (than you and Descartes)," he said, "it is by standing upon the shoulders of Giants." And again: "I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore . . . whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

No such compunction about "the great ocean of truth" disturbs Hans J. Morgenthau, Albert A. Michelson Distinguished Service Professor of Political Science and Modern History at the University of Chicago and currently Leonard Davis Distinguished Professor of Political Science at the City University of New York. In *Truth and Power* he divides the personalities of the American political world into good guys and bad guys, into those blessed with "the voice of truth" and those who comprise the "powers-that-be." Between them there is a relentless struggle, and the future of our society depends on the outcome. The author campaigns to inform the "powers-that-be" of "the truth":

> For those who have made it their business in life to speak truth to power, there is nothing left but to continue so to speak, less frequently perhaps than they used to and certainly with less confidence that it will in the short run make much of a difference in the affairs of men.

> If my advice had been followed there would be no war in Vietnam today, and our interests in Southeast Asia and throughout the world would be the better for it.

Professor Morgenthau seems unimpressed by the extreme relativity of all views of history and politics. In a day when absolute truth has become relative even in natural science, he is certain that he has found the truth about political life. Truth as opposed to power? Perhaps the issue is a semantic one. The author tends to use the term "truth" loosely, when he perhaps really means "the intellectual *search* for the truth." But this, too, creates problems, for the "powers-that-be" or "the power structure" or "the military-industrial complex" may regard its own outlook as either the "truth" or "a search for the truth." There are many grays in the clash of historical colors.

Once this distinguished scholar descends from the Olympian plain and joins the rest of us, however, he is certainly worthy of our attention. *Truth and Power* is a fascinating collection of thirty-nine essays written during the 1960s for various journals. The principle underlying his selection is "the likelihood of each essay's having more than transitory interest by virtue of intellectual substance rather than topical relevance." The pieces are grouped in three parts: The Philosophy; The Men; The Issues. Each part forms a distinct unit, and all three present excellent résumés of the author's views. Admirers of Professor Morgenthau, among whom this reviewer counts himself, will enjoy nearly every page. His intellectual opponents, annoyed by his bluntness, sense of certainty, and activism, will find a gold mine of targets.

Proud of his adopted country and excited by what it could become, the author is distressed by the stranglehold "the powers-that-be" have over American society. He battles in behalf of the people of the United States, and he would be pleased to have them liberated. The distribution of power, he says, has survived all reform movements, from Populism, through the Progressive movement, Theodore Roosevelt's Square Deal, Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom, Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal, and Harry S. Truman's Fair Deal, to John F. Kennedy's New Frontier, Lyndon B. Johnson's Great Society, and the current antiwar movement. All these were "essentially futile attempts at accomplishing through rational and moderate reform what can be accomplished only as a result of a new distribution of power, either through the spontaneous disintegration of the existing power structure or through revolution." To Professor Morgenthau this is plain, absolute truth. To his critics it indicates dangerous activism.

Professor Morgenthau has a gallery of pet annoyances. He has little use for "King Lyndon" Johnson. He criticizes U Thant for raising questions that he should not have raised and thereby putting "in jeopardy the effectiveness of his office." He deplores the "romantic activism" of Barry Goldwater while recognizing his "innate democratic decency." He describes Barbara Ward's *The Rich Nations and the Poor Nations* as "intellectually shallow and politically preposterous." Freedom House suffers from "a misguided sense of patriotism." The CIA practices "systematic deception." Above all, he is angered by our involvement in Vietnam and points to "its political aimlessness, military uselessness and risks, and moral liabilities."

The author's interests range far and wide. His dissection of communism in "The Crisis of Communism" is truly brilliant. His two-page summary of recent nationalism reveals why specialists consider him one of the most discerning scholars on that elusive subject. Again and again the reader finds himself nodding in agreement.

> When I was a student, Austrian and Prussian historians debated passionately the question of who was responsible for the Seven Years' War; no Prussian argued that it was Frederick the Great, and no Austrian that it was Maria Theresa.

> What Khrushchev did when he denounced Stalin in 1956 was not only to destroy the legitimacy of Stalin's rule but also cast doubt upon Marxist legitimacy as such.

Professor Morgenthau concludes on a somewhat pessimistic note. He is aggrieved that American society, despite its libertarian and reformatory rhetoric, has used its policies, both at home and abroad, to serve in defense of the status quo. "Perhaps . . . a new society, with a new purpose, will be built upon the ruins of the old; or perhaps nothing will be left but ruins for later generations to behold."

The absorbing style of *Truth and Power* is marred only here and there by an infelicity or a cliché. On occasion the prose is embellished with Menckenesque iconoclasm. The text is always challenging—and never dull. Unfortunately, the author identifies each essay only by date and does not name on its first page the publication in which it originally appeared. In the two pages of acknowledgments the interested reader must use his crossword puzzle instinct to match journals with articles. It *does* make a difference whether an essay appeared in *Encounter, The New Leader, The New York Times Magazine,* or *Look.*

Louis L. Snyder's "Frederick the Great" will be published in Prentice-Hall's "Great Lives Observed" series.

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Criminal Record

Fiction

There Was an Old Woman. *By Elizabeth Davis. Doubleday.* $4.50. The old woman lives in New York City. She is a little mad, very dangerous, and bent on revenge against the man she feels is responsible for her daughter's death. Suddenly Frank Klaner—husband, father, businessman—disappears. What follows is a highly suspenseful tale involving Klaner, the old woman, Klaner's wife, and a psychic who doesn't believe in his own powers of ESP.

Mr. Campion's Quarry. *By Youngman Carter. Morrow.* $5.95. How sad to note that this is the last adventure of the witty, intelligent Albert Campion, for Mr. Carter died as the book went to press. Mr. Campion leaves in a blaze of glory, however, in this at times almost too tricky tale, which enmeshes him in murder, double agents, an archeological dig, young lovers, and enough dashing about the English countryside to keep the reader baffled to the end.

The Fire Engine That Disappeared. *By Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö. Pantheon.* $4.95. Why did the suicide note contain only two words—Martin Beck? And why was the fire engine so late when a Stockholm apartment house exploded into flames? The problems are fascinating, the solution equally so as the Swedish husband-and-wife writing team send their detective hero, Martin Beck, and the Stockholm police out on another case. The Wahlöös are among the best—perhaps, they *are* the best—writers of detective fiction today. You must read them.

The Smog. *By John Creasey. Walker.* $4.95. A yellow smog suddenly wipes out a quiet little English village. Dr. Palfrey, head of the international organization Z 5, attempts to determine whether the killing smog was a freak occurrence or part of a deliberate plan. And then the smog strikes in Wyoming. This gripping story takes on a grim undertone in today's polluted world.

A November Wind. *By Paul Geddes. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan.* $4.95. To come to the aid of a friend can be dangerous, attorney Peter Havill discovers when he tries to clear the name of Andrew Creagh, who has been dismissed from the Central Crime Bureau as an informer to a Mafia-related organization. Fine suspense fiction and a sophisticated novel.

A Coat of Blackmail. *By J. T. McIntosh. Doubleday.* $4.50. Having given up a life of crime, Hector Frayne likes to keep his hand in by planning foul deeds, now and again, on paper. He works out the killing of one of Her Majesty's cabinet ministers, and to his embarrassment the murder occurs as planned. Someone has gone through his private files, and Hector must get his son and daughter-in-law to help him wipe the blot from the family escutcheon. A light and pleasant adventure, but not as amusing as the author intended.

Remote Control. *By Harry Carmichael. McCall.* $4.50. Quinn has a few drinks with Hugh Melville at a pub. Melville leaves to drive his wife home, kills a man with his car, and goes to prison. Mrs. Melville, despondent and hiding a guilty secret—she, not her husband, was behind the wheel—, calls Quinn a few times, then, apparently, kills herself. And Quinn, outside the whole business, begins to feel himself suspected of murder. A quiet little novel of suspense that really catches up a reader.

Haskel Frankel

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Dg (*Richard II*), 2Eh (*St. Joan*), 3If (*Moby Dick*), 4Gj (*Importance of Being Earnest*), 5Hi (*Barchester Towers*), 6Ca (*Jane Eyre*), 7Jd (*The Alchemist*), 8Ae (*Portrait of the Artist*), 9Fb (*Bleak House*), 10 Bc (*Murder in the Cathedral*).

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1439

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1439 will be found in the next issue.

BFA BAEARONUA VDWAR BFA

JNHEZ RVDEEAH; XB XR

NIEL BFA VXOHNRONUA BFDB

VDWAR XB EDHYAH.

—OFARBAHBNI

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1438

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

Cincinnati's New Look

SOME MUSEUMS try to cover the voluminous history of art, school by school. Even wealthy, long-established institutions involved with such programs have difficulty maintaining high standards. How less well-endowed museums in smaller centers are to approach this problem is another matter. Should they represent each period dutifully though not necessarily significantly, or would it be wiser to specialize in fields where superior works are still available but not yet in great demand? The Cincinnati Art Museum twenty-five years ago opted for the latter choice and now, after a quarter century, has published (aided by the Ford Foundation) a catalogue of its sculpture collection. For it was sculpture, especially ancient sculpture from Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and medieval Europe, that the then new director, Philip Adams, along with the museum's benefactor, John Emery, chose as their focus. Because fine examples of these objects were still on the market at rational prices, the museum now has a distinctive collection of carved, modeled, and metal artifacts from varied and, as a rule, advanced cultures.

It is rarely primitive art, so popular today, one remembers from Cincinnati; it is more often the refined sculpture of sophisticated ancient civilizations. This is not to say the museum offers no other objects of equal interest. A small painting by Mantegna alone is worth a trip to Cincinnati, and for admirers of Duveneck or Hiram Powers (both local products) this museum is mandatory. It also has a room of portraits and landscapes by Gainsborough (several splendid ones) and an unexpectedly distinguished group of Modiglianis. But in the last twenty-five years the museum has been transformed, and it is the ancient sculpture that provides much of the new look.

Why the average collector is so little attracted to similar works is a mystery, particularly in light of the sums paid for paintings occasionally of only ephemeral interest. The ancient artifacts are here to stay; they belong to history, and they often belong to the best of art, too. One wonders if early sculpture is less avidly collected because, to be fully savored, it requires a specialized appetite and considerable erudition, or is it because paintings are more familiar these days and more readily associated with color? I recall an unceasing refrain that haunted me when I was buying art for a large American corporation. From top executives to youngest neophytes, the plea was always the same: "Give us something with color." That color, regardless of quality or purpose, can become such a fixation points up how closely most people identify art with sheer decoration. And, of course, paintings can be more discreetly installed; they hang on walls and rarely devour surrounding space.

In Cincinnati, space is devoured in a wonderful way. Each work, no matter how small, has been given its own setting so that it can be studied at the right height, in the right light, and when necessary from all sides. Especially well shown and intelligently grouped geographically are the arts of Persia. Although none of these ancient Iranian pieces has the monumentality we associate with the ruins at Persepolis, they dramatically evoke the extraordinary world of Darius and Xerxes. Three fragmentary reliefs of surpassing purity stand out, the drawing always sensitive but sure, the modeling no less impeccably controlled. All three were found at Persepolis and are distinguished by the hieratic majesty that invests much of Persian art. Everything is measured, rhythmic, and authoritarian, as no doubt was the life of the ruling class, for the art of Persia is clearly identified with the glory of its leaders. So also were the minor arts, a corollary product that commonly flourishes in periods of power. Typical is a superb silver rhyton that turns into a kneeling bull reminiscent of the larger architectural ones at Persepolis, the regal city that dominated Persia and much of the world during the fifth century B.C. Cups of gold and silver, bracelets, necklaces, bowls, and bottles are all brilliantly decorated with warriors, animals, birds, hunters, and musicians, each so full of vitality as to obscure the original purpose of the object. It would seem the early Iranians never concerned themselves with the Bauhausian theory that form follows function. The splendors of their profligate civilization and the symbolism of their religion precluded such cautious reasoning.

—*Photos courtesy of Cincinnati Art Museum*

Kneeling Horus, Egyptian, bronze

Cincinnati has fine sculpture from earlier periods, too. Several Egyptian carvings in the round and others in relief are notable; so, too, is a bronze "Kneeling Horus," tautly designed and, at one time, probably covered with a thin layer of gold. But more important Egyptian collections can be seen elsewhere. However, almost unique and certainly unique in America is a splendid series of Nabataean fragments excavated during 1937 and 1938 from a Trans-Jordanian temple complex by the American School of Oriental Research under the direction of Dr. Nelson Glueck. This remarkable assemblage, rivaled only by a concentration of similar works in Jordan, is the first installation one sees upon entering the museum, and a provocative introduction it is. Although the carvings may at times be more interesting archeologically than esthetically, they have, as Philip Adams notes in his introduction to the catalogue, "a controlled but intense life force." They bring us face to face with the remote culture of the little-known Nabataeans, a tribal people of Arabia who are best remembered for their rock-hewn capital city of Petra. Their period of ascendancy was short (from about 100 B.C. to A.D. 100), but during that time they proved themselves to be able architects and engineers. One need only visit the desert town of Avdat in Israel to recognize how astutely the Nabataeans invented devices to trap and disseminate water. Their austere carvings are partly Western, even classical in their emphasis on form, partly Near Eastern in their coloristic contrasts of highlights and deep shadows. That these artists relied on the dynamics of searing sunlight is abundantly evident. Heavy-handed and strangely obsessed, their works are a far cry from the Greek humanistic fluency that antedated and sometimes influenced them.

Classical art is also well represented

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in Cincinnati. I recall a large 2500 B.C. Cycladic figure carved both front and back with the utmost subtlety. Adhering to a familiar style of formalized simplification, this particular female effigy, nevertheless, transcends the usual conventionalized Cycladic images, beautiful as they are, to become less a stereotype and more a noble individualized conception. Another Greek work of top quality is a sixth-century B.C. bronze bull with coiled tail and lifted head, a creature so alive with power it seems to embody the total meaning of virility.

Of interest, too, is a group of French and Spanish medieval sculpture, both Romanesque and Gothic. Many pieces, especially the wooden ones, still retain traces of their original color, for in the past, as is true today, sculpture was often brightly painted. From the region of Toulouse in France comes a twelfth-century polychrome wood carving of the Virgin, her crisp, linear, and conventionalized drapery not unlike that of certain Near Eastern carvings whose influence probably filtered through via the art of Byzantium, which was widely known in Europe at the time. Here, however, facial features were beginning to take on greater personal meaning, a development even more clearly evident in a nearby Gothic figure also from France and dated only a century later. Entirely humanized and doubtless the likeness of a specific person, this large limestone carving is, with the exception of several Roman portrait busts, the most naturalistic interpretation of a human being in the museum's survey of early sculpture—a survey that traces in condensed form the gradual evolution of Western iconography.

One of the most moving objects in the collection is an elongated polychrome wood figure stretched out horizontally with its head on a pillow. This awkward, deeply touching Spanish tomb effigy suggests that technical maturity is not the final criterion. Many earlier civilizations, notably those of Greece, Egypt, Persia, China, and India, displayed a breathtaking mastery of materials, but the Spanish carving, for all its surface crudities, has a human nobility and a humility rarely encountered in pre-Christian art.

It is this opportunity to compare various cultures chronologically, geographically, and psychologically that makes a visit to the Cincinnati Art Museum's sculpture galleries a living experience. Other museums have larger collections and, in many instances, rarer works, but I recall few institutions where the installation is as sympathetic or the sequence more revealing.

Silver rhyton, Persian, sixth century B.C.

Bull, Greek, bronze, sixth century B.C.

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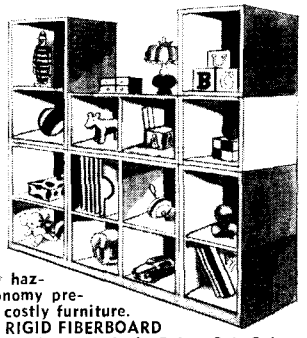
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Palm Tree Revolt

Continued from page 19

inter-island subsistence if some turned to dairy production.

Like most Caribbean radical leaders, he views tourism in its present form as a degrading evil. He thinks the Jamaican north coast has been turned into "one large pimping area." Like Lloyd Best, a radical economics teacher at Port of Spain, and even Eric Williams, who proposed a similar idea in a speech last June, he sees future tourism in the form of small guest houses—cottage tourism geared for the black middle-class American.

Hill likes to wrap these sweeping social reforms in African bunting. He decries the concept of illegitimacy (80 per cent of the Jamaican population is said to be born out of formal wedlock) as a "Euroracist category of validity" and calls for a recognition of African roots of the mating pattern, family structure, and the kinship system, all with a New World adaptation.

Yet the anti-tourism concepts are by no means universal in the area. Bahamian Prime Minister Pindling sees his economy based on tourism "for some time to come." And, although Williams in Trinidad has given lip service to cottage tourism and has held off casinos, he has acceded to a new wing on the government-owned Hilton and a new Holiday Inn.

Michael Manley in Jamaica, a leader possessed of enormous political electricity who might well be the next Jamaican Prime Minister, backs tourism as a labor-intensive industry and decries those who, as one British Honduras radical did, equate tourism with whorism. "I've never seen any Swiss person who seemed particularly whorish to me," he says. "The challenge to Jamaica is not to be trapped into irrelevances as to what the dividing line is between call girl, wife, mistress, and whore. They all end up doing the same thing, and there is an economic base to what each of them does. I've never been able to convince myself that there is a difference in taking an order from a superior in a dull, monotonous factory and serving somebody a plate of food."

Tourism is dangerous to the radical cause because it makes it possible for a waiter to save money and become a small entrepreneur with perhaps his own taxi, and thus impervious, or at least unreceptive, to radical rhetoric. "The radicals may not notice it," Manley says, "but Russia has a burgeoning tourist industry and Yugoslavia has one too, and I have no doubt that Castro would like one."

"Tourism has a bad image among black people," says black Jamaican author Evon Blake, "because the servile classes are not getting enough out of it. They see tourists living like princes, but they are getting as much in weekly salary as the cost of a round of drinks. They see the manager driving a Mercedes-Benz, living in a big house on the hill, giving big parties while all they may get is $15 a week." Tips may increase that sum considerably, but the tip is considered *bratta*, an African word that means lagniappe, something extra that is not part of the main sum.

The old inequalities are gone, but new inequalities have appeared, and the difficulty will be setting them right again without rocking the precarious economy, based as it is, for good or bad, right or wrong, on foreign investment. If "getting a bigger share" means cutting in local governments or local ownership for 51 per cent of the capitalization, that will be done. But it will likely be a paper partnership because there is scarcely enough money in the islands to share equally in capitalization of existing or future endeavors.

Sitting there in the Bahamas and looking south, Prime Minister Pindling said to me as I was about to leave for Jamaica, "If the people were not black you wouldn't be going down there to investigate the problem. It would be just another problem of hungry, jobless, unemployed people trying to find their way out for themselves, their wives, and their families. Because they are black it gives some peculiar attraction, and when they demand social changes it conjures up some sinister image. When the same thing happened in Britain they called it the Industrial Revolution, and when Roosevelt had to find jobs you called it the New Deal. Man is forever in search of a better way of life, and it makes no difference whether he is black, white, brown, or yellow."

Pindling notwithstanding, the painted political slogans in Jamaica call for black men to unite, and posters in Trinidad, where the army mutiny trial is under way, exhort the populace to "Free Our Black Soldiers." Afros and dashikis bring a certain identity, and the radical movements hold on to the black power slogan because it is a convenient vehicle to carry the message of social change. Says former Bahamian Minister Arthur Foulkes, "Perhaps in a more sophisticated society it would be called out-and-out Marxism. And it is easy in an ex-slave community to identify with the movement because it is an emotional appeal. Castro fought white industry, too, but he didn't call it black power, simply because that was not the emotional background of the people."

By the time one has reached Jamaica

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and Trinidad, eyes don't look north to Pindling's problem with Grand Bahama, but south to Guyana, once British Guiana, where the government of Prime Minister Burnham threatens to nationalize the bauxite industries owned by Alcan. If Guyana moves successfully to nationalization, the effects will shake the whole Caribbean.

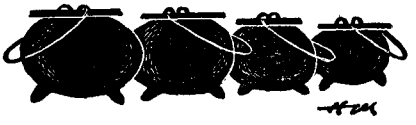
Has there been, will there be, a palm tree revolt, a new uprising by the island blacks similar to those so forcibly suppressed by the British and the French in the colonial days? "In the minds of the people," says Bobby Hill, "the revolution has already taken place." In the minds of others there are bigger deeds to be done on the ground. Says a diplomat in Trinidad, "If the government is overthrown and if racial and ultraradical complexities were to be thrown into the mix, chaos might begin. It could be exploitable." Although Soviet "hydrographic" vessels have been in Grenada this winter, and last spring a missile-equipped force of other Russian warships cruised the Caribbean for two weeks, there is no evidence of outside support for island revolutions beyond random training in Cuba.

The black power movement, in its more sinister definitions, is, as Manley puts it, "so obviously revolutionary in character and so patently irrelevant in other senses that it has little hold. If a society cannot maintain a pace of change and a thrust for progress," however, he warns, "it will, like all revolutionary movements, lurk in the wings of history."

On the last afternoon of a long odyssey in the islands, I journeyed out to have lunch with Derek Walcott, the West Indian poet, in his home in the suburbs of Port of Spain. Fish and yams, rice and boiled bananas in a house on the Duke of Edinburgh Street, West Indian food at an alien address, a royal relic left over from other times. Later, when the plane lifted off from Trinidad, I opened his new book, *Dream on Monkey Mountain*, and read:

> Yes. But we are all strangers here. The claim which we put forward now as Africans is not our inheritance, but a bequest, like that of other races, a bill for the condition of our arrival as slaves. Our own ancestors shared that complicity and there is no one left on whom we can extract revenge . . . but the rage for revenge is hard to exorcise.

That is how it is now on the lands that were slipping away beneath me.



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David Butwin

Turning the Keys

SEASONS are a state of mind. You don't find summer on Florida's southeast coast in February even when the winds die to a whisper, the temperatures rise into the 80s, and the fragrance of suntan lotion hangs heavy above the tiled shores; the coming and going of vacationers reminds you that it is still winter somewhere else and that back home people are suffering and hating you for being in the sun.

A man can outrun winter and still remain, technically, in the continental United States by pointing himself southward from Miami Beach and not stopping until he reaches the Florida Keys. I had the brimming sensation on a recent Friday afternoon, once my Hertz chariot was on the Overseas Highway, of traveling a high road into summer, of skipping school, of cutting loose.

The Overseas Highway is an extension of U.S. Route 1, which begins in a wintry corner of Maine. It was built during the Depression over the roadbed of Henry M. Flagler's East Coast Railway, destroyed by the Labor Day hurricane of 1935. At certain points, as it passes through commerce-clotted towns, the highway resembles any other stretch of U.S. 1, but over the long spans connecting the dozens of keys, a driver gets the feeling he is piloting a car out to sea. Crossing the Seven-Mile Bridge out of Marathon, you begin to wonder if land will ever appear again.

Key West, at the southern end of the Overseas Highway and U.S. 1, piles most of its unattractive architecture and commercialism near the entrance, and as you pass into the older section, the palmy, tacky remoteness of the Keys sets in and the escape from winter is near. After even a short visit, you can understand why Harry Truman, who first came to Key West aboard the Presidential yacht *Williamsburg*, chose to return on ten working vacations; why Hemingway had a house there in the 1930s and came back many times to stay; why Tennessee Williams, James Leo Herlihy (*Midnight Cowboy*), and cartoonist Gahan Wilson still live in Key West; and why ordinary residents talk so proudly of the quiet little town at the end of the road.

Vacationers accustomed to room service, nightclubs, and gambling casinos have no business in Key West. Howard Johnson and Holiday Inn have moved in, but both are out on the highway far removed from the narrow, shaded streets and luxuriating gardens of the old section. Long-time local residents, known as conchs, are happy to tell you that the tallest building on the key is the seven-floor Bachelor Officers Quarters at the naval base annex. One of the few breaks in the two- and three-story wood-frame landscape is a radio tower sticking out of the main base near the house where Truman used to stay.

Key West has dozens of eating places, but none rates more than three stars (out of five) from the *Mobil Travel Guide*. On the first evening, I ended up at the counter of the Fourth of July, one of the Keys' most popular Cuban restaurants. The Fourth of July, El Cacique, and all the others advertise Spanish food, but what they serve is something closer to Cuban. One of their specialties is jewfish steak; another, on which I gorged myself, is the Hot Cuban Mix sandwich, a sort of Latin hero. Every kitchen on the key produces its version of the tart-sweet Key lime pie, made from local limes.

At times, Key West seems more Cuban than Yankee. Havana is just ninety miles across the water, and Cubans began settling on the key about the time of the Spanish-American War. Since Castro, refugees have made the trip in small, makeshift boats and shiny cruisers, often being plucked from the water by Coast Guard vessels. The exodus has slowed in recent years, but crowded little craft continue to nose up on the shore, and down by the naval docks, not far from a string of U.S. subs, you can see a jumble of warped, weather-beaten boats piled like driftwood.

When Cuba was open and people could fly or sail back and forth with ease, Key West's atmosphere and way of life leaned more to Havana than to Miami. Because the local economy depends heavily on the military business, conchs will admit to hoping U.S.-Cuban relations stay sour enough for us to keep our base at full strength.

Key West has seen its share of economic ups and downs. Before the turn of the century, it was the largest city in Florida, with a population around 18,000. In the 1890s, it was the cigar-making capital of the world, and men got rich salvaging wrecks off the shallow, saw-toothed reefs. By the 1930s, when most of the cigar industry had moved to Tampa and salvaging was paying smaller dividends, Key West fell into hard times and was forced to declare itself bankrupt, a distinction shared, conchs claim, by no other city in the country.

The completion of the Overseas Highway in 1938, an influx of writers and artists who were encouraged to come down on a WPA project, and the shoring up of the Navy base eventually returned Key West to economic stability. Two other events—the arrival of

—*Tanks, Monkmeyer*

The Overseas Highway to Key West—"over the long spans connecting the dozens of keys, a driver gets the feeling he is piloting a car out to sea."

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President Truman in his madly colored sport shirts and the discovery in the late 1940s of the Key West pink shrimp —helped put the town back in business.

Truman is getting too old to visit; Hemingway died a decade ago. Somehow you wonder if the best days of Key West have passed. But the conchs talk hopefully of the Old Island Restoration Foundation's efforts to spruce up the crumbling old cottages one by one, and certainly such enterprises as the Key West Hand Print Fabrics, turning out $250 Vanda resort dresses for Palm Beach matrons and simpler $35 items for passing tourists, look forward to expanding operations.

On that first night in Key West, warm and balmy as the Sandwich Islands, my conch companions led an excursion through the old downtown district, from Captain Tony's, where Hemingway used to drink when the place was called Sloppy Joe's, to John Brown's Bar, a literary haunt sometimes visited by Tennessee Williams, then to the new Sloppy Joe's, its walls pulled up to let in the starry night, and last to Howie's, where William "Coffee" Butler, a Key West fixture, was playing piano to a full house.

Butler introduced a man across the piano as a former member of the Kingston Trio, Bob Shane, and asked him to sing a song for old times. He did "Scotch and Soda," and then a few of us who remembered those three darlings of the college campuses of the early Sixties pressed forward to visit with the lapsed hero. He didn't really look much like Shane. He told me that the old group, without him, was reforming as the Kingston Four, and when he misnamed one of the originals, his date advised him to have another drink. "Maybe I should," he said, and I left wondering who is the real Bob Shane.

Overnight the weather shifted and on Saturday a high breeze brushed the sky clean and brought out the colors of Key West more vividly—the rich greens of the banyan, palm, cork, and mahogany trees, the shining white of the cottage fronts. At the tip of Key West, it is only a twelve-block stroll from the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Ocean. Whitehead Street displays all varieties of Key West architecture and life-styles, from the handsome pillared Audubon House, where the peripatetic naturalist stayed in 1832 and sketched several of the plates for his elephant folio, now on display; past the gates of the Navy base, behind which stands Truman's Little White House; by a dilapidated neighborhood of blacks and poor whites, to the Spanish-colonial house with green trim and chartreuse shutters where Hemingway and

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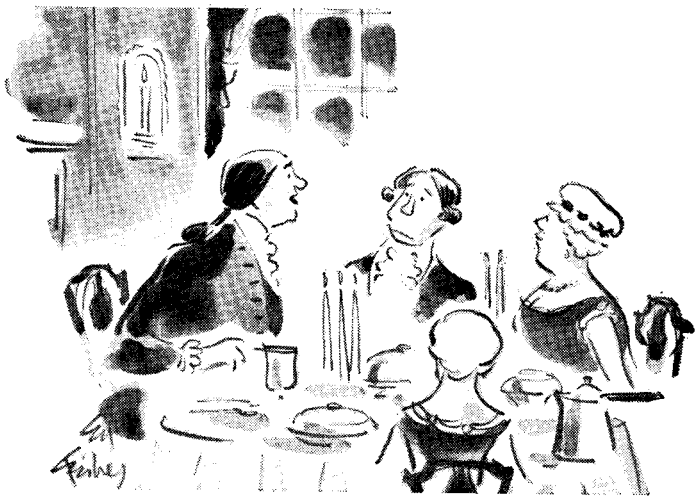
his second wife Pauline lived through the 1930s.

A high brick wall surrounds the house, and the huge yard is a jungle of trees and plants, many of which Hemingway brought back from far-off lands. Banyans from India and two Honduras mahoganies crowd an ancient date palm that has stood in the same spot for 115 years—since before the stone for the house was quarried by slave labor in 1850. Hemingway's imprint is everywhere—a wildebeest head on a dining room wall; a bed backed by a sixteenth-century Spanish gate as headboard; a showerhead in the first-floor bathroom that he salvaged from the National Hotel in Havana during a revolution in 1933. From the same operation he brought back tiles that now trace a colorful path through the back yard. Of more mundane quality is the urinal he claimed from the old Sloppy Joe's. It now lies on its back in the patio, filled with water and offering refreshment to the dozens of cats (thirty-eight at last count) roaming the house and grounds.



"You see—the need for undertaking costly publick programs grows more desperate; the dunnage on the taxpaying element becomes more burdensome, many of that element leave the city, further lowering the tax base and thereby throwing an ever-larger share of costs on an ever-smaller per cent of Manhattan's solvent citizenry, until, before long. . . ."

Hemingway, when he was in town, used to get up at 6, cross a second-floor catwalk to a carriage house in the rear and there spend the morning writing at a little, round Spanish café table with cigar-maker's chair. After his divorce from Pauline, he came back often with Mary, his fourth wife, and stayed downstairs in the carriage house. It opens onto a large swimming pool, the first ever built on Key West. Today, the pool is attended by little stone Thai elephants and the omnipresent cats.

Many conchs remember Hemingway, the town's bohemian in shorts and rope belt, but the stories they tell are growing foggy. Probably the person who carries the deepest memories in Key West is a bronzed and lean old man named Toby Bruce, who served the writer as secretary, boat captain, traveling companion, and friend. We sat on his front porch one night drinking Scotch and talking about old Key West and a man he misses very much.

"That wall around the house? I built it brick by brick. And every brick was a blister. I had one boy helping me to mix cement, and that was it. Most of the fun we had was around 1937. Ernest used to have a lot of people over. He would hold tryouts for young would-be boxers in the back yard, tough colored boys from town. We built a ring, and Ernest would take them on.

"There was Black Pie. And Battling Geech. I think he's still around. One of them was warming up in the ring one time and all of a sudden he hit Ernest a pretty good lick and Ernest let him have one back and the fellow went right through the ropes and slammed up against a palm tree. I went over and picked him up, and he said to me that everything went black. Ernest was leaning over us and he says right back, 'Did you expect it to go white?'

"We used to have some damn good rough and tumble matches down in Colored Town. Ernest would go down and referee, and we would be the only white people around. One time, there was a lot of money bet, and Ernest decided to stop the fight because one guy was getting bombed pretty good. Well, the guys who had money on the loser, they all jumped in the ring and started fighting. There was quite a melee. I still wonder how we got away."

Toby grew sad and reflective as we talked about the days leading up to Hemingway's death. "There was never any doubt he would kill himself," Toby went on. "One time we went up to visit his father, who was very sick, and Ernest said, 'If I ever get that way, I'll have someone kill me—or I'll do it myself.'

"We spent a lot of time together. Christ, we slept in odd places, went back and forth across the country by car, stayed aboard the boat for days. Sometimes he'd come in from the carriage house where he did his writing and he'd be trying to figure out a word or expression. Like he'd say, 'How would you describe gravel coming off a roof?' How well did I know him? I have never been closer to a man in my life."

I left Key West the next afternoon, and it wasn't easy to go. There is one postscript. Back in New York, deep in winter, I checked on the whereabouts of Bob Shane, the missing folk singer. It was true that the group was being revived, but as the New Kingston Trio, not the Kingston Four as the man in Howie's had said. The new group, with the real Bob Shane, was opening that very night at the Cellar Door in Philadelphia. Will the false Bob Shane please sit down?

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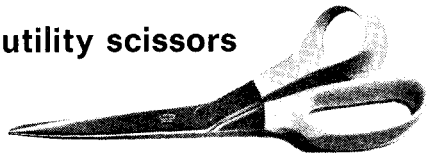

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Willie Sam Roberts is one of the luckier children in his Southern Tennessee town. He's just passed his fourth birthday. Hardly remarkable. Unless, like Willie Sam, you live in a place where one of every four children never lives to his fourth birthday. But Willie Sam has another reason to consider himself lucky. He has a future. A future that has suddenly turned bright.

For this, he thanks a New York couple by the name of Diamond. Through Save the Children Federation, the Diamonds are helping Willie Sam and his family to lift themselves out of the poverty that engulfs so many of their neighbors.

In 1824, when Willie Sam's town was founded, its rich Mississippi valley was described as, "beautiful and bountiful". The description no longer fits. Years of soil depletion and reckless timber cutting have left the land grudgingly productive. And the people desperately poor. Average per capita income is less than $1,000 a year, and half the men can't find work half the year.

Much of the housing is unfit to live in, and sanitary facilities just don't exist. Most families have a hard time getting along, let alone getting ahead. And without help, chances are Willie Sam would grow up to be just another name on the poverty rolls.

That's where Minerva and Irving Diamond entered the picture. They're not nearly as wealthy as Willie Sam and his family imagine. Middle aged, middle income, probably describes them best. But now that their two daughters are grown and on their own, the Diamonds can afford to enjoy the things they've always wanted to do. Travel. Golf. And spending time doting on their grandchildren. Yet, while enjoying the comforts they've earned, the Diamonds are seeing to it that Willie Sam has his chance.

The $15 a month contributed makes a remarkable difference to the Roberts. The father has been able to realize a dream of starting a business. With an interest-free loan advanced by Save The Children he opened a dry-cleaning shop which seems to be succeeding. And which for the first time has given the family hope of a productive, self-sufficient future. That, of course, is what Save The Children is all about. Although contributions are deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals or a warm coat. Instead your contribution is used to give people a little boost to start helping themselves.

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Sinyavsky

Continued from page 24

> yours and you don't dare, don't have the right to do anything with it. . . . And you retreat . . . in terror at your own nonparticipation at what has taken place.

The sense of being ruled "from the air" is restated near the end of "The Graphomaniacs," when the main character, returning to his family from a writing spree, suddenly feels that his motions are being controlled by "someone's fingers as a pencil is guided over the paper." Like the dark street, the sleeping houses, his whole long unsuccessful life suddenly seems to be part of a relentless literary composition. He raises his fist toward the sky and shouts, "Hey you there—the graphomaniac. Stop work! . . . You're unreadable."

Now, to maintain himself in this incredibly paradoxical, threatened, and divided mode of existence without going dumb or mad, a writer must have sources of unity deep in his nature. In Sinyavsky's most recent writings published in the West, "Thought Unaware," he revealed himself to be a secret Christian. The nakedly personal meditations assembled under this title seem, at first glance, a far cry from anything else he has published either as Tertz or Sinyavsky—so direct and austere are they, so single-mindedly committed to the Christian account of the world and of the moral world within. Sinyavsky's reflections on God, faith, death, sin, prayer, nature are as luminous and moving as any writing that I know of in this literature. And the more one ponders them the more intimately they seem connected with the affirmative moments in his fiction, besides being the sustaining ground of his irony and satire. Just as "the graphomaniac" is a negative, comic, covert image of the God to whom Sinyavsky ardently subjects himself and all his values, so the imagery of his other fiction—as well as the framework of his enigmatic essay *On Socialist Realism*—emerges as a sardonic transmutation of the Christian world-view, corresponding to the corruptions and perversions by which its mysticism still manifests itself in politics, art, the occult, sex, etc. Thus "Thought Unaware" not only provides the unifying matrix of Sinyavsky's art, but indicates the abiding sanctuary of "selflessness," which, I suspect, has enabled this writer to endure his situation.

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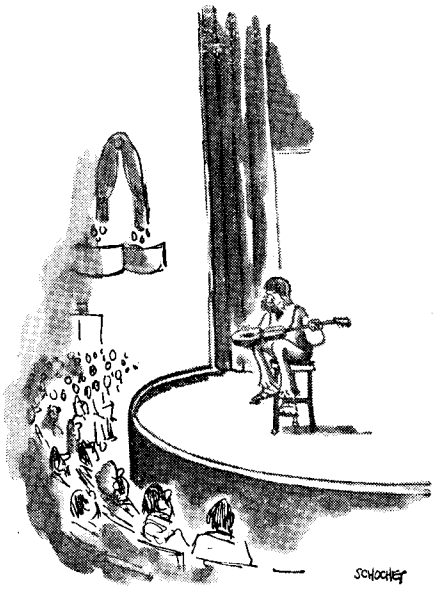
It is worth noting that the word "Christian" does not appear in any of the writing collected in *For Freedom of Imagination*, not even in the long essay on Pasternak's poetry. Here, as elsewhere in the anthology, Sinyavsky's point of view is entirely secular and "progressive," and he justifies Pasternak, another secret Christian, as a Soviet poet who fulfilled his primary obligation to reflect, in a positive way, the history of his age. As an orthodox critic and liberal, Sinyavsky has to be painfully obtuse in dealing with Pasternak, the Russian writer with whom he is probably in greatest sympathy, in order to rehabilitate the latter's reputation and to relate his methods and values as an artist to the renewal of Soviet poetry. Such, in general, are the narrow ideological boundaries within which Sinyavsky can safely and productively operate as a Soviet critic.

Even so, he manages to impart a great deal of literary education, functioning both as a liberal spokesman and teacher of the tribe, a role traditional for Russian writers, whom even the Bosheviks honored as "the technicians of souls" before they began to destroy them. Standing where he does, thirty years after the modernist tradition was almost totally wrecked and abandoned, Sinyavsky is like a sophisticated architect who has inherited a spacious but decayed mansion, full of dry rot and violations of the code. Much of his criticism is a kind of basic renovation, laying new foundations, clearing out the debris, replacing warped doors and windows, bringing in power. To impose the rudimentary principles of freshness, concreteness, and individuality, he constantly calls on the assistance of Mayakovsky, who appears to have become the Soviet Homer, and uses his precepts and verse to reproach the official poets for their vague, abstract, repetitious, hackneyed, inaccurate, derivative, depersonalized, feeble, and supremely smug verse. What they most notably lack is what Mayakovsky called "tendency," which Sinyavsky defines as "a living, formative, creative principle in verse, a movement which breaks down dogmas and clichés and does not permit compromises and wishes to live in a new way, an individual way." Even if you don't know the writers he is discussing, Sinyavsky is worth reading, although these translations, with the exception of the piece about Robert Frost, seem to me to be all thumbs and stilts.

Polite but devasting to the literary hacks, unyielding in his insistence that Yevtushenko live up to his claim that he has abandoned his superficiality, Sinyavsky writes with an immediate feeling for the imaginative power of



"Before I begin my recital of protest against this society, I'd like to thank all you cats for paying $7.50 a ticket to hear it."

poets like Akhmatova and Frost. His strongest essay deals with the poet and diarist Olga Berggolts, whose ability to seize her experience, to identify—and make the reader identify—her most individual responses with the inner life of her country and people, represents for Sinyavsky the right direction for a truly Soviet art—"the unity of the personal and the general which forms our way of life."

The closest Sinyavsky comes to pointing his criticism toward the nature of his own creative work is in an essay on science fiction. Wishing to free this genre from the encroachments of socialist realism that have made it ludicrous—its timid fantasies often lagging a decade behind the realities of Soviet science—Sinyavsky offers an eloquent redefinition of science fiction as a form for rational hypotheses that envision an "ever more difficult, beautiful, and therefore fantastic goal." Just as the spiritual images of Olga Berggolts are able to reveal the "true existence" that lies behind and illuminates the dull inexpressiveness of everyday life, so Sinyavsky argues for a fiction that uses the imagination of the future to reveal what he terms in *On Socialist Realism* "the grand and implausible sense of our era." It is just here that Sinyavsky and Tertz touch and join. Here, and in a phrase of Gorky's which, both as Tertz and Sinyavsky, he frequently quotes—and which, for the time being, can serve as the signature of this great writer and man—"the madness of the brave is the wisdom of life."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Word that publication of "For Freedom of Imagination" has been postponed until April was received as this issue was going to press.*

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MultiMedia

FILM

43 The Diversification of Shirley MacLaine by Hollis Alpert

THEATER

46 "Fiddler" on an East Berlin Roof by George R. Marek

DANCE

48 Black Ballet Can Be Beautiful by Walter Terry

JAZZ

50 I Remember Ivie by Bobby Short

CASSETTE-TV

51 Lights! Action! Camera? by Ivan Berger

RECORDINGS

52 Recordings in Review by Irving Kolodin

54 Recordings Reports: Miscellaneous LPs

55 The Child Is Father to the Rock and Roll Music by Ellen Sander

56 Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs by Stanley Dance

58 Gilbert Without Sullivan by Robert Jacobson

59 Maazel to the N.P.O. by Thomas Heinitz

60 Letters to the MultiMedia Editor

FILM

The Diversification Of Shirley MacLaine

by HOLLIS ALPERT

While not precisely a conglomerate, Shirley MacLaine is indeed diversified. At the moment, she is the star of a movie in the making called *The Possession of Joel Delaney*. She is the author of an autobiographical book that has reached the 100,000 mark in sales. She is about to begin a television series that, for twenty-four episodes, will take her around most of the world. She is heavily involved in the production and distribution of her films and the TV series. She supports two Asian orphanages. She is in the middle of writing another book. She has been asked by Senator George McGovern (and will probably accept) to head the committee on delegates for his 1972 Presidential campaign. She may well do some on-the-scene reporting for the ABC network while involved with her series. She has a husband and is the mother of a daughter, but nevertheless feels free to lead her life as she chooses—and with their support and blessings.

Although vulnerable to the accusation that she spreads herself thin, Shirley insists that she is very well organized. Her places of abode amount to a sort of global network. She and her husband, Steve Parker, own homes in Japan, Hong Kong, and Australia. They have nearly completed a beach house in Tunisia. She has a large home (staff, plus five big dogs) in Encino, California. She keeps a smallish New York apartment on Beekman Place, and a house near London (where daughter Sachie presently dwells while going to school) plus an apartment in Grosvenor House on Park Lane. The house, in Windsor, allows her to get to the studio for the TV series in sixteen minutes. Grosvenor House is for the weekends.

And which of these does she call her true and real home? "None," she recently said. "I like to keep moving. I *have* to keep moving. My idea of the Chinese torture is to have to stay in one place all the time." When she is forced to stay in one place, such as New York for the making of two films in a row, three telephones keep her in contact with her manifold enterprises. Among these interests are her financial affairs, which now occupy the full time of a man who used to be her lawyer. "But that doesn't mean I just forget about them," she said. "I oversee them. I really enjoy knowing how money works."

She has made a lot of it in some sixteen years of movie stardom, and what she has made has made more. Not that anyone has an easy time getting her to talk about money; in fact, it's one of the few subjects that make her impatient. Nor does she like to talk about her support of orphanages. What she will talk about are the "gutter babies" who inhabit her orphanage in Calcutta and the overpopulation that causes her to support another in Japan. On the other hand, when her star salary rose to the $800,000 level, she regarded this as a mark of her status in the Hollywood that, as of now, has all but crumbled away.

Shirley MacLaine is still a star, but the $800,000 days are probably gone forever—a matter that causes her not a flicker of worry. "If the word 'star' means anything at all," she said, "it means an image of identification. People go to movies to see people. The star has to have something in his or her personality that audiences will respond to. If I have it, fine, but I always thought of myself as somebody in this business."

She got into the business by way of being plucked from her understudy role in *The Pajama Game* (she had gone on for the injured Carol Haney) by Alfred Hitchcock, who wanted her as the kooky lead in his film *The Trouble with*

Director Waris Hussein and Shirley MacLaine discuss a scene for "The Possession of Joel Delaney." In the background, Leon Trotsky.

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Harry. Suddenly, at nineteen, she was a movie star. Born in Richmond, Virginia, to a schoolteacher father, she never progressed beyond high school herself, mainly because she devoted herself to the study and practice of ballet, for which, she discovered, she was unfit by reason of excessive height. She is five feet-seven-and-a-half inches tall, and on *pointe* she rises, she claims, to a full six feet. That turned her in the direction of show-girl dancing and the choruses of some Broadway shows.

She now says: "I wasn't trained to act, and so I thought I couldn't act. I wasn't trained to sing, and so I thought I couldn't sing. I wasn't trained to be a writer, and so I thought I couldn't write. Then I discovered if one grew enough and knew enough and tried hard enough, one could do those things and be the things one wanted to be. The only thing I was trained to be was a dancer and that's the one thing I'm not."

Because she is, if anything, a restless source of energy, it isn't enough for her to be an actress. "The proscenium stage no longer interests me at all," she said, "and to be a brilliant actress on the Magnani level, assuming I could, doesn't interest me either." She is, of course, at a level of acting craft high enough to have earned her three Academy Award nominations. What makes Shirley run in other directions? "I'm compelled to get involved in other things—I need to activate, to change, to create." Being dissatisfied with the way things are in the world and keenly aware of social injustice, she finds it necessary to do as much as one person can do. "I'd be in politics, running for office," she said, "except that I couldn't stand the compromises that would have to be made."

In her book, *Don't Fall Off the Mountain*, she speaks of the adjustments she had to make while equating stardom with marriage and motherhood. Giving up the good life of family and the home, she lost something and gained something. She found that stardom meant fame, affluence, and power. "I knew," she writes, "that to feed on only the rich food of my life would make me sick. I had to achieve some sort of balance between myself and others, because I was as passionately interested in them as they were in me."

She widened herself through travel. Once finished with a film, she was at the airport on her way to some new place. Her book explores this travel itch and how it differs from garden-variety tourism. She wanted to get inside other cultures, feel her way to an essential understanding.

She was singularly well prepared when the crunch came to the film industry something over a year ago. Escalating production costs and a declining audience sent Hollywood and other production centers into an economic downdraft in which they are still whirling. If the stars were to survive creatively and financially, it became necessary for them—as well as the producers, writers, and directors—to move boldly into areas other than their specialties.

"Some stars felt abandoned when the change came," she said. "They were unable to go along with change because they hadn't grown as people, nor did they feel secure enough with their own abilities and talents. So, they sat and waited for their phones to ring, without realizing that not only the phones were out of order."

Other stars were already accustomed to taking the lead, among them Paul Newman. He had proved himself as a director with *Rachel, Rachel*. John Cassavetes, an actor of star status, is among the most innovative of American directors. Sidney Poitier is about to move into directing, and he has banded together with Newman and Barbra Streisand to form First Artists, a company that plans to develop projects employing themselves and others, mainly with the avowed purpose of overcoming the inertia and timidity of the major film companies. To what degree this development will affect the quality and content of American motion pictures remains to be seen and assessed. If *WUSA*, made by Paul Newman's company, failed to impress, it was surely far superior to *Hello—Goodbye*, a production personally supervised by that familiar tycoon, Darryl F. Zanuck. Most of the remaining tycoons are politically conservative, but Paul Newman was out hustling for Eugene McCarthy, with no damage to his popularity.

An early Consciousness III advocate was Peter Fonda, whose *Easy Rider* was self-produced; his latest, he has directed himself. His sister, Jane, has also made contact with youthful audiences through her off-screen espousal of a raft of liberal, even radical, causes on platforms across the country.

And Shirley MacLaine sometimes seems everywhere. When Robert Kennedy won the California primary in 1968, Shirley was swept in with him as a delegate to the Democratic convention, and millions saw her on TV in a new and partisan role. "I couldn't turn," she said afterward, "without bumping into one of those portable cameras."

Having finished her last studio picture, *Two Mules for Sister Sara*, Shirley, well aware that the studio system had all but seen its final days, began exploring the intricacies of independent motion-picture production. In fact, she thought of doing it all herself—writing, producing, directing, financing, and distributing—that is, until not quite a year ago, when she met Sir Lew Grade, whose name doesn't ring too many bells here, but who is probably the best-known man in all of British show business.

Sir Lew, now sixty-four, began his career in "artist's management." He booked acts, in other words. Eventually, he formed the Incorporated Television Company (ITC), which then became a subsidiary of the Associated Television Corporation (ATC), and which represents just about all of British commercial television.

Easter vacation time was coming up, and Shirley, in New York, tried to call Sachie in London but had trouble making a connection. She headed for the airport and took a plane. While in London, she telephoned Sir Lew. "Why did I call him? I'd seen a show on television he'd produced called *Male of the Species*. I had liked it a lot and just decided to look him up." Was there an ulterior motive? Shirley looked innocent. Sir Lew invited her to lunch. She met what she describes as "a rotund pixie with eyes that dart about with a shrewdness you're correct in evaluating as shrewdness. The cigar he smokes is so long he could use it as a third leg and pole-vault to work on it. He reeks with foresight and has a total sense of honor. After lunch, he took me to his office, slammed the doors, locked them, had the phones turned off, got rid of the secretaries, and educated me to television."

The meeting resulted in what Shirley termed "a wonderful sense of rapport between us." It was a mutually beneficial rapport. "Sir Lew saw in me a way to make more dents in the American as well as the worldwide television market with what he calls heavyweight stars. And I saw in him a way to combine the two forms of picturemaking—movies and television. In effect, I told Lew: 'I'm not going into television for you unless you go into feature films for me.' " A partnership was born. "The only contract we've got is a letter he dictated while he was on an airplane. This is to confirm and so on. . . . It's signed Lew. It could be Lew anybody!"

Their deal specified that Shirley would make twenty-four episodes a year of a television series to be built around the name and personality of Shirley MacLaine. The filming of these half-hour shows was to be completed within a term of six months out of each year. During the remaining six months, Sir Lew would back Shirley in at least one picture per year up to a budget ceiling of $3-million. Since Shirley would share in the proceeds from

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distribution, it was naturally to her interest to keep budgets on as economical a level as possible. In fact, it was to the interest of the entire industry to do the same. And, for Shirley, it meant a whole new way of working. "None of those two-hour lunch breaks at the studio," she said. "None of this taking six hours for a setup. And none of that terrible standoffish, aloof quality that seems to have been the prime requisite of being a star. Picturemaking has become more of a democracy."

But leaders are necessary in a democracy, too, and Shirley was not in the least shy about leading. Having a direct pipeline to Sir Lew Grade was like owning a key to the bank vaults of England. Since the TV series would not begin filming until April of 1971, Shirley looked for a movie to do. A friend told her about a script written by Frank Gilroy. She read it, liked it, and tracked down Gilroy in Las Vegas. The script had been offered around to various film companies and had been turned down as "too intellectual," and a further handicap, from a studio point of view, was that Gilroy insisted on directing it himself. The part of a married woman in the script had called for someone "like Joanne Woodward." She has materialized as Shirley MacLaine. The original budget breakdown had called for an outlay of more than a million dollars. Why not do it on a shoestring of $300,000 and cut the risks? Shirley called Sir Lew Grade in London. "I've found this thing," she said, "and we can do it for three hundred thousand dollars. Do you want to read it?" Sir Lew said: "Shirley, if you want it, you got it."

The picture, *Desperate Characters*, has already been filmed, with Gilroy directing, for approximately $320,000. Shirley worked at the Screen Actors Guild weekly minimum salary for a total of six weeks in all. The crew was pared down to fifteen members. Now in its editing stages, the film is described by Gilroy as being about "the best that life in New York has to offer two people—in short, it's a horror story." But, according to Shirley, there's really no such thing as a film that costs $300,000. "That only represents the raw negative cost. You then add the costs of prints, advertising, and distribution. You'd have to take in at least a million dollars before you'd be near breaking even." But, once the break-even point is reached, Shirley's share of any profits will be high.

Having put together *Desperate Characters*, and while still in London prior to heading for New York for filming, Shirley came across a book called *The Possession of Joel Delaney*, which she describes as "an elegant mixture of the

(*Continued on page* 64)

The Many Moods of MacLaine. At left, as seen in her first film, "The Trouble With Harry." At right, as Irma La Douce. Below, sampling the delights of high life in "Sweet Charity."

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THEATER

"FIDDLER" ON AN EAST BERLIN ROOF

by GEORGE R. MAREK

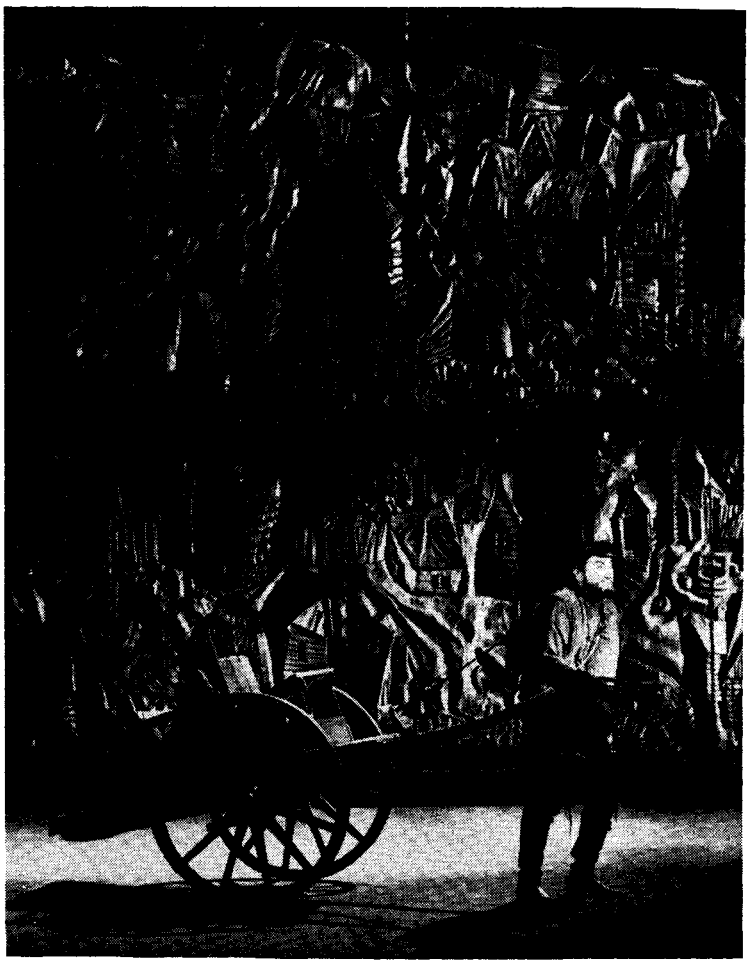
EAST BERLIN.

Many non-Germans who love opera have been willing to subject themselves to the nuisance of Checkpoint Charlie primarily for one reason—to attend a Walter Felsenstein production at the Komische Oper in East Berlin. The man is a miracle worker, distilling new sense out of old librettos. He plunges into thrice-familiar masterpieces, and after endless travail, after rehearsals that protract themselves for six months and for as long as nine hours a day—in a People's Republic there are no such things as union hours—he produces a *Tales of Hoffman* with all the phantasmagoric fascination of a dream by Poe, or a *Traviata* clothed in black and white, a play of love and death, set in a swamp. All of his productions prove his contention that "a great opera contains not one bar that does not serve dramatic expression, and therefore dramatic expression must be as cogent as the music."

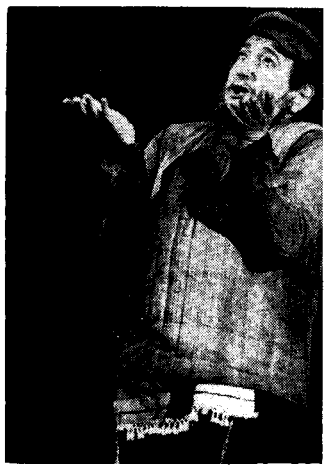
But why *Fiddler on the Roof*?

Good though it is, an opera it isn't. What was there in this Broadway musical comedy to challenge Felsenstein's imagination? He saw it several years ago in New York, and he felt it was an "important humanitarian work. It got to me, even though I understand very little English." At that time he invited Jerome Robbins to come and stage it. (Both Robbins and Harold Prince have seen several of Felsenstein's productions.) Robbins couldn't, so Felsenstein decided to do it himself. *Fiddler* had, of course, been given with success on many stages in Europe, West Germany's included, but had never been presented behind the Iron Curtain. Felsenstein started working a year ago. The translation into German was made by his son Johannes. He rehearsed his cast for the better part of nine months, interrupted by a severe accident to his leg when an iron bar fell on him during rehearsal. He kept much of Robbins's choreography intact, but he changed the scenery to a simple and serviceable Chagall-like house that split apart when the action required it, and on top of which was a free

—PHOTOS BY ARWILD LAGENPUSCH, KOMISCHE OPER BERLIN



"A simple Chagall-like house that split apart when the action required."



Rudolf Asmus as Teyve—"You believed in these people, quite as much as you had in New York."

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representation of the little village of Anatevka. Scenic design and costumes were devised by a Russian couple, Valeri Lewental and Marina Sokolova.

When I arrived in East Berlin on January 22, the day before the first performance, everybody at the theater was in a state of nerves. It was more than the usual pre-premiere nervousness, though the dress rehearsal, which had just been finished, had been "terrible" in the age-old tradition of the theater. As the archivist of the theater told me, everyone concerned was quite aware of the fact that the political climate had worsened between the inception of the plan and the coming premiere. They knew about the trial of the Russian Jews who were supposed to have hijacked a plane. "We know, too, how friendly our relations are with the Arab states. Yes, we are expecting hostile demonstrations. We have discussed that possibility with the *Chef*. He said, 'I believe in the work. I am going ahead with it.' "

The theater the East German government has built for Felsenstein is as appropriate to bedraggled East Berlin as a Boucher would be in a room full of George Grosz drawings. The Komische Oper struts with as much gold and red plush and flying angels as any capitalistic baroque building. As I approached it, there were people standing outside begging for an extra ticket; one rather elegant young girl in evening dress held up a sign on which (with typical German efficiency) she had scrawled "Will pay 60 marks for two tickets." But all the tickets had been sold out weeks before, even on the black market, which exists there as well as everywhere else. It was a remarkably dressed-up audience, with many of the men in tuxedos and the women in the best an East German seamstress could run up on a sewing machine. The audience was obviously expectant, though one critic asked me, "Is this going to be a lot of American Kitsch?"

The actor who played Tevye was Rudolf Asmus, a well-known member of Felsenstein's troupe whom I had last seen as Bottom in Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. He is not Jewish, nor is any other member of the cast, nor is Felsenstein. Yet, Felsenstein managed to create perfectly, and seemingly effortlessly, the atmosphere of the little Jewish village. You believed in these people, quite as much as you had in New York. Indeed, there were no startling changes, and anybody who had seen *Fiddler* in New York would have recognized *Fiddler* in East Berlin. Yet, there was a subtle change. The work became more serious, losing some of the self-mockery, some of the self-spoofing, the family kidding that it possessed in New York. Asmus was no Zero Mostel. The comic force and the charm of Mostel were lacking so that, for example, the first song, "Tradition," did not get a laugh. But what *Fiddler* lost in fun it gained, both by its style of acting and the circumstances of its presentation, in poignancy and compassion.

The play became more rounded, less of a showpiece for Tevye, and more of a tale that told us something of the life of everybody in that village. Each member of the chorus—"I have no chorus, they are all actors," said Fel-

(*Continued on page* 57)

"A tale that told us something of the life of everybody in that village."

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DANCE

BLACK BALLET CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

by WALTER TERRY

During the golden age of dance that has illumined the American theater in this century, one of the most significant events was the birth, in 1968, of a black classical ballet school and, subsequently (1970), a professional ballet company. There have been black dancers, and even dance masters, of professional caliber since the early days of the Republic. Forty years ago, Edna Guy, associated with the Denishawn Dancers, formed what is believed to be the first Negro "art-dance" group, and thirty years ago, the great Katherine Dunham firmly established the black dance theater in America.

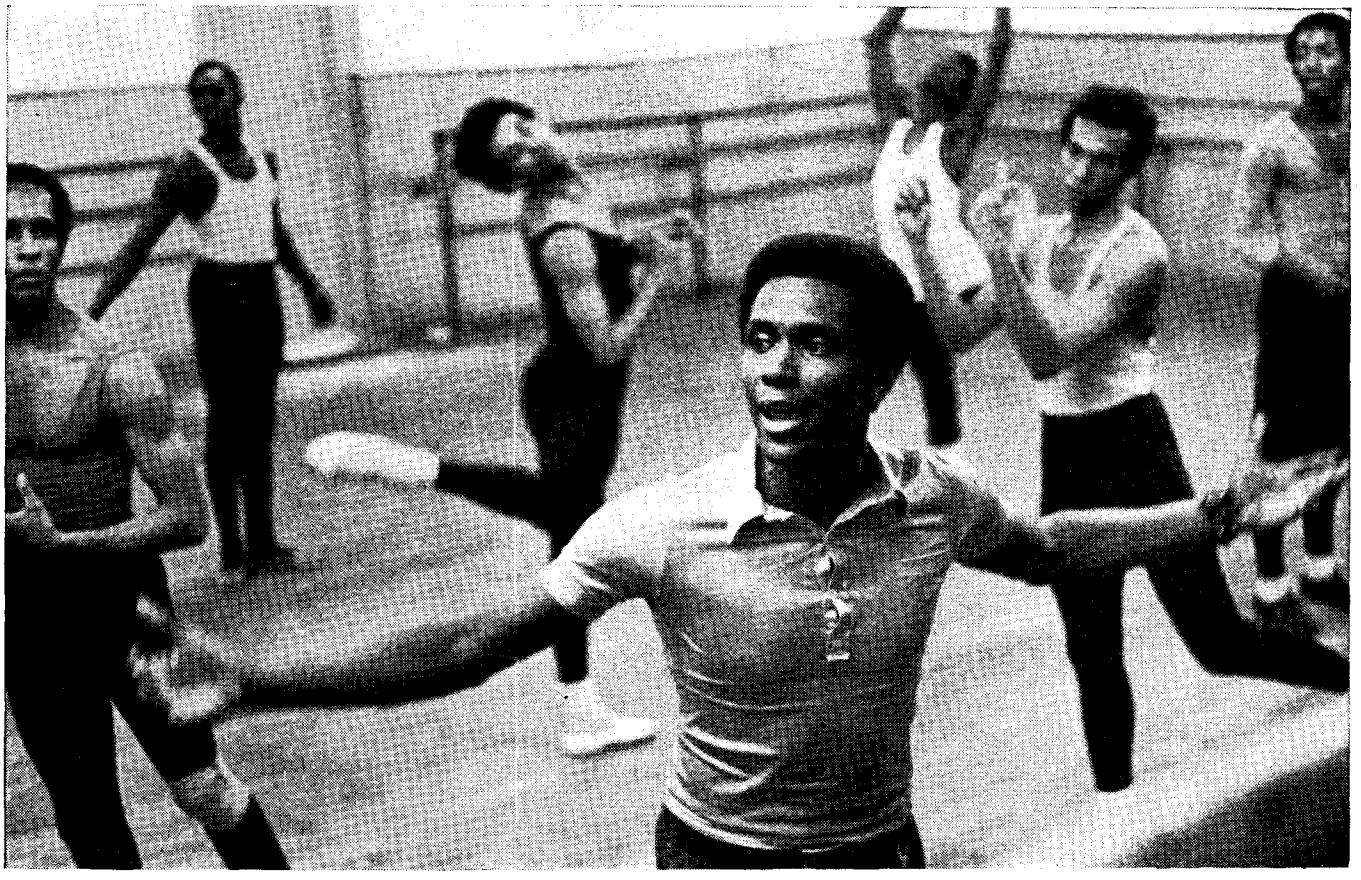
But Miss Dunham was modern dance-ethnic show biz; Pearl Primus has been African and Afro-Caribbean; Alvin Ailey, whose company has been triumphant in the Soviet Union as well as in Brooklyn and Manhattan, is basically a modern dancer (although he has successfully choreographed for ballet); and their associates have leaned toward modern dance or ethnic. But what of black ballet? The late Aubrey Hitchens, onetime partner of Pavlova, experimented with a Negro ballet company two decades ago, and there have been black ballet classicists (Louis Johnson among them). But there has been nobody like Arthur Mitchell.

Mitchell, founder and artistic director of the Dance Theater of Harlem, is a product of New York City's remarkable High School of Performing Arts. There he studied both ballet and modern dance, and he has been successful in both styles. For almost two decades, he has danced with the New York City Ballet, and has become the first black *premier danseur* in history. His Dance Theater of Harlem, while gratefully bowing to black ballet pioneers, is the first permanent, professional, classical, academy-rooted black ballet troupe. It is beautiful.

The Dance Theater of Harlem, with Karel Shook (of Dutch descent) as associate director, is superbly schooled in the most elegant style of traditional European ballet. This was made manifest in the company's first extended engagement (last summer at the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival) and at its formal New York debut (we don't count

—PHOTOS BY MARTHA SWOPE

Ensemble of the Dance Theater of Harlem in the practice room; Arthur Mitchell in the foreground.



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lecture-demonstrations and the like) in concerts at the Guggenheim Museum in January. (There will be performances during the marathon American Dance Season, featuring nine modern dance companies, in March.)

The repertory now includes—or will—works by Balanchine, Tudor, Robbins, and Sokolow as well as works by Mitchell. And the range, as in most contemporary ballet companies, encompasses modern movement styles and jazz as well as the most aristocratic of ballet *pas*. The dancers, mostly teen-agers, are wholly professional in deportment and in technical accomplishment—I think the celebrated ghosts of St. Petersburg's Imperial Maryinsky would nod approval—but what is more, they have an ardor, generated by Mitchell and Shook, that shines forth in everything they do. Wherever they appear you will hear music that ranges from Grieg to jazz, you will see hairdos that include Afro and the sleekest classical coiffures of a Taglioni, Markova, or Fracci, and you will be watching a company of dancers representing one of the most important, exciting dance adventures of this century.

The Dance Theater of Harlem School is as important as the performing company itself. Indeed, Mitchell feels strongly that without a school there would be no Dance Theater of Harlem.

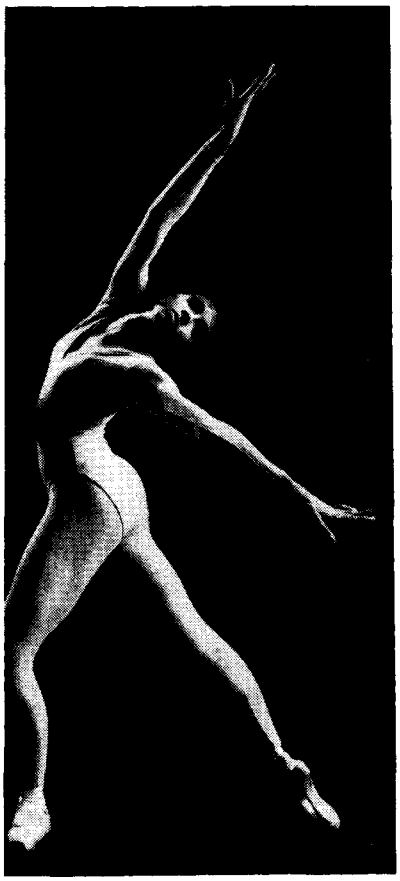
When he first began his teaching in the ghetto area, he was the object of neighborhood suspicion and even ridicule. But he left the doors of his first ground-floor studio wide open, and anyone could watch from the sidewalk. In time, curiosity got the better of some of the boys who asked if they could come in. The next step, of course, was to participate in the ballet lessons. From such tentative beginnings, a school and company were born.

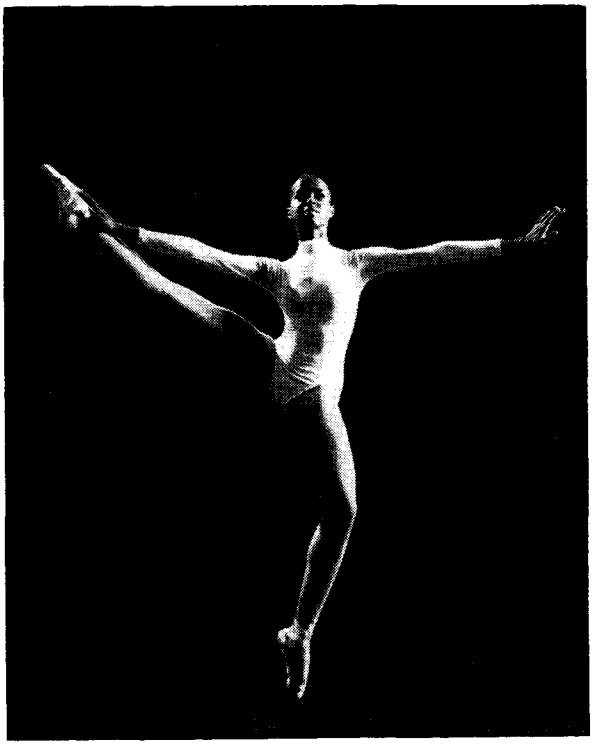
What Mitchell, Shook, and their faculty associates have wrought in terms of educational and social progress and rehabilitation has been described as a "miracle." High school dropouts have returned to academic school, grade-D children have moved up to B and better, and youngsters seemingly without motivation in their lives have found that this very special dance school has given them not only artistic incentive but scholastic pride, too.

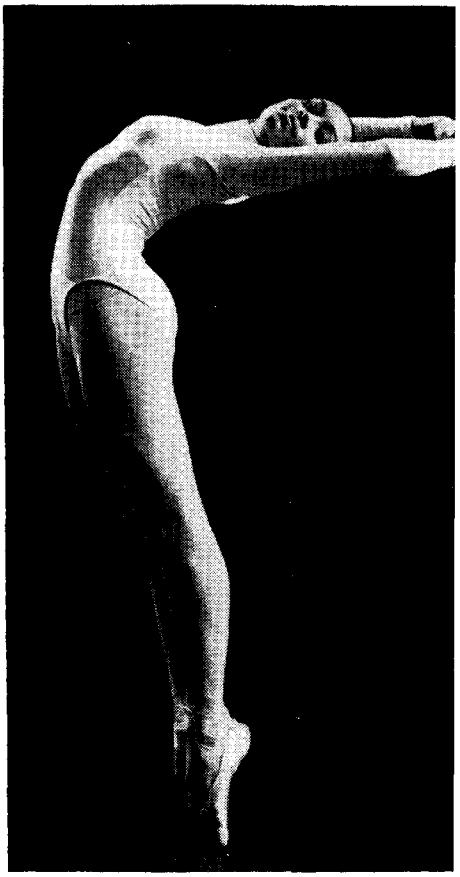
Dance, of course, is all-important, and ballet instruction is the prime technique. In addition to Mitchell and Shook, one of the ballet teachers is Tanaquil LeClerq, a former ballerina and long a favorite of New York City Ballet audiences, who has assumed her first extensive teaching duties since she left the stage. The students also have lessons in modern dance (James Truitte, a disciple of the late Lester Horton and long-time associate of Alvin Ailey, is the principal teacher here), ethnic dance (African forms), jazz, and related courses.

The schooling, however, is geared to produce professional dancers. But no matter how good the student may look in the classroom doing technique, he must learn to perform. Mitchell had his young charges performing from the very start of his Harlem enterprise. The first performances were lecture-demonstrations in schools in and around New York and as far away as the Netherlands Antilles. From November of 1969 to September of 1970, the teen-age dancers performed more than one hundred times in lecture-demonstrations and their initial concerts.

In a three-year span, Mitchell has guided his young charges from classroom to workshops to lecture halls to concerts to "engagements" on festival series. Yet there is no thought of resting on youthful laurels. Other dances, other choreographers are making new and important demands for this, the newest repertory ballet troupe.







Three principals of the Dance Theater—left, Ronda Sampson; center, Pamela Jones; right, Roslyn Sampson.

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JAZZ

I REMEMBER IVIE

by BOBBY SHORT

A hot summer afternoon in 1936 found me sitting in the lobby of the Woodruff Hotel in Joliet, Illinois, waiting for my newly acquired agent to return from the cigar counter when two marcelled ladies in light-colored frocks simply could not resist asking me what it was that I did all dressed up in my short pants, my brown legs dangling from the seat of the big red leather chair. I quickly set them straight by announcing that I was a singing and piano-playing child prodigy; when pressed for a demonstration, I immediately complied with a boy-soprano rendition of a banality of the day, "Love Is Like a Cigarette." My choice of material was quite natural as I had first heard the song via the family Atwater-Kent when Ivie Anderson sang it. And I was in love with Ivie.

Ivie Mary Anderson (she once explained that most of the ladies in her proud family were given the same middle name) was born in Gilroy, California, in 1904. Her early education at St. Mary's Convent in Gilroy and subsequent years in Washington included some vocal activity—glee club and chorus—all pointing to her emergence soon after into a show-business career. The influences at the time were enough to make the head swim. Bessie Smith, Mamie Smith, Clara Smith, Julia Sanderson, Grace Hayes, and Ethel Waters were all doing their separate things, and Ivie obviously made good use of them all, with special emphasis on Ethel Waters, whom she idolized.

The big scene in those days, when radio was comparatively new and recording contracts hard to come by, was to *perform*, and perform Ivie did. In the classic celluloid tradition, she stepped out of the chorus line to become a soubrette, which landed her roles in the nightclub and theater revues that were having their heyday both here and abroad. In the early 1930s, while singing at the famous Grand Terrace Café in Chicago, Ivie attracted the discerning eye of Duke Ellington. She joined his band soon after and quickly got down to the business of making her first recording with that glittering pack: "It Don't Mean a Thing if It Ain't Got That Swing!" It was about that time when I first got her special message. Looking back, it seemed to have the importance of a telegram received in a small town in the middle of the night.

In 1937, my own blossoming career led me to a week of vaudeville in Kansas City at the old Tower Theatre, where the accompanying film was a glossed-up affair from Republic Studios, *The Hit Parade*. Both Carl Hoff's orchestra and Eddie Duchin's were featured in it, but the special joy for me was Duke Ellington, who rolled out a neat little gumdrop called "I've Got to Be a Rugcutter." For the first time, I was able to see my girl in action as she, Harry Carney, Rex Stewart, and Hayes Alvis sang the song with that seemingly impromptu, God-if-only-I-could-move-like-that choreography they were so famous for in their stage appearances. The algebra and English lessons were slighted all week long, as I managed to spend every possible moment out front watching that sequence.

A few months later in Chicago I actually saw Ivie in person at the Palace Theatre. Even now I recall her vitality and her warmth as she went through the ballads and up-tunes and the inevitable "conversation" with Rex's trumpet. Her tenure with the Ellington band lasted nearly a dozen years, during which period she married a trumpet player with the band, Louis Bacon. Her career, while limited mainly to singing with the band, frequently took turns outside the Ellington realm. For MGM she made a film with the Marx Brothers, *A Day at the Races*, in which she sang her famous version of "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm." Fortunately, she recorded it later with Ellington. When the Duke filmed *Belle of the Nineties* with Mae West, Ivie recorded two of the songs, "My Old Flame" and "Troubled Waters." In this same period, her vocal, nestled in the midst of some exquisite musical architecture, was to be heard on the Duke's recording of "Ebony Rhapsody," a Sam Coslow song that camps up forever the well-known theme by Mr. Liszt. In 1941, she put her sad-sweet "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good" on wax, which was, incidentally, her big moment in the short-lived West Coast revue *Jump for Joy*. She saw me safely through high school with such delights as "Hayfoot, Strawfoot" (one of the Duke's war efforts) and "Killin' Myself."

Ivie's decision to settle in Los Angeles in 1942 made it possible for us to meet the following year. Our meeting place was a large house in the center of Blueberry Hill, the Los Angeles version of Harlem's Sugar Hill, where a charity tea was in full swing. Upon learning Ivie was somewhere in the crowd, I made my way through a swarm of Adrian shoulders and Grable pompadours to reach her side. Her simple getup amidst the razzle-dazzle of Hollywood's finest was immediately arresting. A cinnamon-colored smallish lady with a perfect figure, she was wearing an uncluttered black suit; her black hair was also simply arranged, blending neatly into her hat. Makeup and jewelry were at minimums. A short silver fox jacket was thrown casually over her shoulders, and everything moved as she talked—quite rapidly but clearly and with much animation. Whatever loutish charm I may have had at the time must have worked, as she was immediately warm and seemed willing to accept all the admiration and curiosity my face exhibited.

After a few more meetings, I was easily able to fathom her reasons for settling in Southern California after the rigors of the road. She had divorced Bacon, recently been married again (to Marque C. Neal), and sung from time to time along Hollywood Boulevard. There were new recordings from a small West Coast firm to be issued soon, but her prime interest at the moment was a business venture, Ivie's Chicken Shack.

The Chicken Shack became one more expression of Ivie's unerring taste. Sporting a glass brick front reminiscent of the modern Thirties, it quickly became a rendezvous for the fashionable café au lait society of Los Angeles. Located a handy few steps from the Club Alabam and the Dunbar

—*Photo from the collection of Stanley Dance*

Ivie Anderson—"forty-five minutes of velvet and fire."

This is an excerpt from the forthcoming autobiographical *Black and White Baby* by the favorite pianist and singer, to be published next month by Dodd, Mead.

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Hotel, it was an ideal final stopping place during those war years. Musicians, white and black, found her easy and sophisticated manner irresistible, and her string of devoted fans were always represented, all of whom added up to a rather motley crew in her startled husband's opinion. But Ivie doted on her odd balls and dismissed his complaints with a murmured "Sour grapes." Wherever she was there was bound to be music, and the restaurant's spinet was in the center of the room. Such pianists as Charles Brown, Eddie Beal, and Lorenzo Flennoy were often employed, and from time to time I, along with countless others, found myself at the keyboard.

To strangers, Ivie seemed truly cordial, and nothing was too good for her friends. In a show-business way, she was honest, daring, and generous. In those days of limited air travel, she once packed enough food to last a married couple the entire length of their trip across country—by train—and don't forget the food rationing. One Thanksgiving Day, when I had been left alone for some reason or other, the phone rang as I was about to have a lamb chop. It was Ivie. "Little Bobby, Marque and I are sitting here with an enormous turkey. Get over here and share it with us." During one Christmas season, she called to ask if I were free to accompany her when she visited the city jails to entertain the inmates. Naturally, I was overjoyed and all but forgot the head cold I was nursing. On the appointed day at the proper hour she called for me in her Cadillac coupe. As I climbed in beside her, she offered me a mint. Later, she quite bluntly explained that my cold medicine had left me with an extraordinary case of halitosis. That was Ivie. The morning in jail, however, turned into a gala. Ivie sang all of her old songs with me at a small piano that was rolled from section to section. She did one of her famous "Now listen, girls . . ." numbers and left the female prisoners feeling as though jail, after all, was the proper place to spend the holidays.

For the record—and for lack of a better term—Ivie Anderson must be ultimately described as a band vocalist, but her flair and style easily placed her light-years ahead of her contemporaries in that field. In the close-knit structure of the Ellington organization of the 1930s, her vocals were totally integrated into the overall splendor of the orchestrations, and her elegant presence in those vaudeville days was a far cry from the cute and sadly insensitive performances displayed by most young ladies who sang with bands. Taking her cue from Ethel Wa-

(*Continued on page* 58)

CASSETTE-TV

LIGHTS! ACTION! CAMERA?

by IVAN BERGER

With Sony's announcement this month of an under-$1,000 color TV camera, the day of the video home movie got a great deal closer. But it still isn't very close.

Even though video tape has the advantage of instant playback, it can't really compete with film for the home-movie market until color video equipment becomes cheap and portable as home-movie equipment is today. And that's quite cheap—and very portable.

In Super-8, you can buy a whole home-movie outfit—camera, projector, screen, and editor—for about $200. In video, that will buy you only a camera—and a black-and-white camera at that. The adjective "black-and-white" doesn't apply to film systems—to convert them from black-and-white to color, you load their cameras with color film; to convert a video system, you load with the same tape and change the camera.

And after the camera (and Sony expects its model to sell eventually for "only" $500) you need a color video recorder (c. $500, someday soon) and a color monitor (c. $200-$500). So, though the tape itself will probably cost less in the long run than color film would, it will take a long time for that saving to offset the extra cost of the equipment.

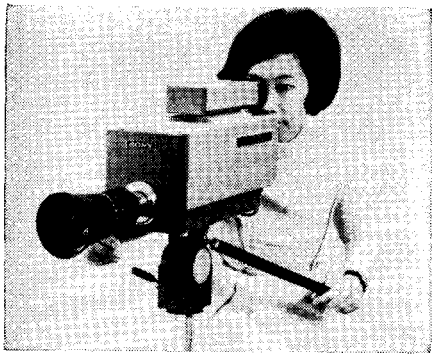
Then there's the matter of portability. To shoot a movie, all you need is a camera and film, and both can fit into a man's pockets or a woman's purse. A cassette recorder for the soundtrack can fit in another pocket, or dangle from one shoulder.

With video, the dangling recorder isn't optional and certainly isn't pocket-sized. The Ampex Instavision, smallest of the video cassette recorders and the only battery-powered one, weighs thirteen pounds; the audio cassette recorder for the Synchronex home-movie synch-sound system weighs but three—and for silent filming, you can dispense with that weight altogether.

Furthermore, the Sony color camera still must be umbilically connected to an AC power line (though a battery version is predicted). In translation, that reads house-powered is house-bound. TV home movies so far are still "studio" operations—with film you can shoot anything from Junior swimming in the ocean to a pastoral scene straight out of a bygone filter-tip commercial.

Then, too, none of the home video systems is as versatile as the better Super-8s. While the coming crop of video cameras probably will have electronic viewfinders (small TV screens showing the image that the camera is producing, as in the Sony color camera and Ampex Instavision, among others), most of the current generation have no viewfinders at all—or just simple frame-finders less elaborate than the sighting system of your aunt's old Brownie. Most Super-8s above $100 or so have through-the-lens reflex finders (so does AVCO's Cartrivision camera), zoom lenses, slow-motion, (a few video recorders promise this—in playback only), stop-frame animation (unavailable in video), and even, in a very few cases, superimposition and dissolves.

As video-tape equipment is refined, it will probably start giving home movie equipment a run for its money. But neither may win ultimately. Looming in the wings are at least two alternatives: a recently patented, non-electronic camera for EVR and the instant home-movie film systems now under development by Polaroid and Kodak. And film, as Kodak has been pointing out recently, could also be a medium for video-cassette systems.



Right, the new Sony TV home color camera; at left, a Roberts TV camera showing "umbilical cord" linking it to the video screen.

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Recordings in Review

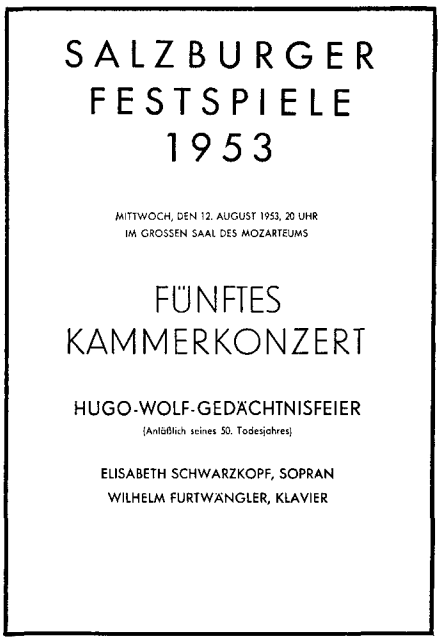
Brahms by Lill

BRAHMS: *Variations on a Theme by Paganini (Op. 35); Klavierstücke (Op. 76).* John Lill, piano. DGG stereo, 2530 059, $5.98.

LIKE JOHN OGDON, John Lill was trained in the arts of the keyboard in England, but did not win his spurs until he took his chances in the 1970 Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow, along with sixty-eight other pianists. If, like such other winners as Ogdon and Ashkenazy, he becomes celebrated more for the playing of music by others than he does of Tchaikovsky's, that will not be too surprising either. The criteria of the Tchaikovsky jurists have not failed to produce a winner who, like Lill, is possessed of a big technique, a superb sound, and a pianistic personality, all of which are legal tender elsewhere than in the realm of Tchaikovsky.

In these testing works of Brahms, Lill shows a command of intimate detail as well as of grand effects, a sensitivity to the lyric line as well as to the dramatic climax, and an attachment to the vibrant *pianissimo* as well as to the resonant *forte*, that are indispensable for quality results in the literature with which he is concerned. To be sure, these qualities are not constantly or invariably at his disposal: That would be equivalent to proclaiming him, at twenty-six, to be another Backhaus, whereas the late Backhaus himself, at twenty-six, was not the artist that he became later. But, along with such expectable ebb and flow, Lill attains a level of achievement by no means common.

It should not be surprising that the level of attainment fluctuates more in the piano pieces of Opus 76 than in the two volumes of variations. Much as the latter may differ from each other, there is a thread of common origin to sustain interest. Such is not the case among the capriccios and intermezzos that make up the eight elements of Opus 76. Here Lill is not always able to grasp, within the brief time span available, the distinctive character of each; but he succeeds frequently enough to carry over expectancy for his next recording.



Face of the Schwarzkopf-Furtwängler all-Wolf program on August 12, 1953.

The Schwarzkopf-Furtwängler Wolf Recital at Salzburg

WOLF: *"Lebe wohl"; "Schlafendes Jesuskind"; "Elfenlied"; "Phänomen"; "Die Spröde"; "Die Bekehrte"; "Blumengruss"; "Epiphanias"; "Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz"; "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier"; "Wie glänzt der helle Mond"; "Nachtzauber"; and "Wiegenlied" (im Sommer). Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; with Wilhelm Furtwängler, piano.* Odeon mono, C 063-01 915, $5.98.

NO ONE who attended the Hugo Wolf recital of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf with Wilhelm Furtwängler as her pianist in the Mozarteum at Salzburg on August 12 during the 1953 festival expected to hear its like again, especially after Furtwängler's death not much more than a year later. It was before the time when taped reproductions of live events had become an LP commonplace, and pirated pickups in the concert hall were as yet unknown.

Yet, here it is, almost exactly as it happened on that Wednesday evening, recaptured from limbo, through a reproduction of the broadcast provided, at long last, from an unidentified source. My recollection of the event ran more to the quality of the Schwarzkopf singing than to the Furtwängler piano playing, and so it is here. As processed, the tape is all but noise-free, save for the stormy applause at the beginning and even greater acclaim at the end.

As Walter Legge (who missed his wife's historic appearance with Furtwängler because he was busy in Milan with the de Sabata-Callas-di Stefano-Gobbi recording of *Tosca*) remarks, the piano was not an instrument to which Furtwängler was habituated at that time of his life. However, by diligent preparation, he managed to command the means to support his end creditably, especially in the slower songs. These are dominant in the second sequence, which—doubtless because some initial uncertainties are out of the way—produces one superlative performance after another (beginning, in the above listing, with "Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz").

In the finality, however, the participation of Furtwängler is not of importance so much because of good or better piano playing but because of the effect his presence had on the singer. It is evident from the beginning that it was an evening in which she was in rare form, meaning that she had prepared well, rested well, and brought herself to a high state of concentration. One may wonder whether there is, on any record, a greater example of her artistry than this version of "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier" (of which John McCormack was one great exponent and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau another). And if a singer chose to be remembered by one note, beautifully articulated, exquisitely in place, it might be, for Miss Schwarzkopf, the perfectly projected, faultlessly sustained (middle) B at the end of "Nachtzauber." Though the event memorialized is nearly eighteen years past, the reproduced quality leaves little to be desired.

Concerto by Albéniz; "Rhapsodie" by Liszt

ALBENIZ: *Concerto No. 1 (Op. 78). Felicja Blumenthal, piano; with Turin Orchestra conducted by Alberto Zedda.* LISZT-BUSONI: *Rhapsodie espagnole. Blumenthal, piano; with Prague Chamber Orchestra conducted by Hellmuth Froschauer.* Turnabout stereo, TV-S 34372, $2.98.

TO PARAPHRASE a famous remark of W. C. Fields, any piano concerto with examples of Albéniz's melodic genius in it cannot be all bad. This is a basic recommendation that may be escalated to the rank of a blanket characterization: The examples of Albéniz's melodic genius are by far the most engaging matter of what tries very hard to be a piano concerto but insists every so often on digressing into a fantasy.

Just when the work was written, and where, is not fully illuminated by Leonard Seeber's program annotation or other readily accessible sources (such as Grove, and Baker revised by Slonimsky). It is Seeber's belief that the work

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was written "during the years of his youth and during the time when Franz Liszt was his musical idol." If this is inconsistent with its designation of "Opus 78," it would not be the first time that an early work was withheld from publication until years later. However, if there is a strong line of connection to be traced, it strikes me that its prototype would be the Grieg Concerto. This was in being, if not in *its* final form, in 1869, when Albéniz was all of nine, and he might well have heard it in his travels, which were frequent and extensive.

As a work, the Concerto is more interesting for what it contains of the later Albéniz than what it reveals of his formal inclinations. Mme. Blumenthal treats its best material with tender, loving care and the kind of warm piano sound for which she is properly esteemed. The associated orchestra and conductor are competent, the recording better than acceptable. It would have pleased some had the second work been the rhapsody of Albéniz for piano and orchestra titled *Catalonia*, of which some authorities have a good opinion. The Busoni version for orchestra and piano of the Liszt *Rhapsodie espagnole* is rather more "Liszt rhapsody" than it is anything Spanish, but that does not exclude good, clean virtuoso fun. The Prague ensemble does not strike me as entirely attuned to the material, but Mme. Blumenthal again performs well.

In Tune with Taneyev

TANEYEV: *"The Rising Sun"; "Serenade"; "Venetian Nights"; "Mountain Peaks"; "Prometheus"; "The Pine Tree"; "On a Tomb"; "Evening"; "Look, What Darkness"; and "Around the Mountains, Two Dark Clouds." U.S.S.R. Russian Chorus conducted by Aleksander Yurlov.* Melodiya-Angel stereo, SR 40151, $5.98.

FOR THE COMPULSIVE music lover in search of some area of interest when all others have palled, these examples of Sergei Taneyev's skills and insights as a writer of choral music have much to commend them. A highly regarded member of the musical community that included Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Scriabin, et al., Taneyev is best known abroad either as a mentor whose pupils included Prokofiev and Rachmaninoff or as the composer of chamber music, songs, and an orchestral work or two.

The ten settings of this disc range from mixed choruses (most of the material is sung without accompaniment) to "Mountain Peaks," sung by women's voices and harp. They extol Taneyev's mastery of not only contrapuntal complications but also the simplest three-part harmonic setting. Melodically, the lighter-textured examples (such as "Evening") show some kinship with Borodin, but the style for the most part is in the mainstream of Russian writing at the turn of the century. If the contents of the two sides have a recurrent failing, it is a certain melodic anonymity, a lack of sufficient profile to establish the unmistakable presence of a Taneyev personality. Withal, the contents make for ingratiating, pleasurable listening, especially in performances of the high quality of those heard here. It is interesting to note that the division of labor practiced in the West between producer and engineer does not prevail in the East. Both functions are assigned to Igor Veprintsev.

Donizetti vs. Sills In "Lucia di Lammermoor"

DONIZETTI: *Lucia di Lammermoor. Beverly Sills, Carlo Bergonzi, Piero Cappuccilli, Justino Díaz, Patricia Kern, Keith Erwen, and Adolf Dallapozza; with Thomas Schippers conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and Ambrosian Opera Chorus.* ABC stereo, ATS 20006/3, $17.94.

ONE OF THE SIDE benefits, unintentional as it may be, of such a venture as this is the opportunity it provides for future generations to sit in judgment on this one and examine at their leisure the credentials of quality that prompted the preservation, in depth and at full length, of such a creation as Beverly Sills's Lucia. For the connoisseurs of 1990 who may legitimately raise such questions, may I go on record as stating my disagreement that such credentials exist, or that the preservation, at full length and in depth, of her creation, is perhaps commercially valid, though lacking adequate artistic justification.

What I hear—and what I presume those more pitiless of the future will immediately recognize—is a tremulous, thin sound used with considerable facility and technical resource to dubious artistic purpose. As an instance: After the first twenty-eight pages given over to introductory matter, Miss Sills begins Donizetti's famous entrance *scena*, "Regnava nel silenzio." But only a few pages later the deviations, lacking in any purpose except the display of her vocal versatility, set in. By page 40, they are so numerous and intrusive that the resemblance to the composer's outline is as often absent as it is present. Miss Sills's command of high tones is an abiding wonder, but to accept a D, E, or even a high F at the end of an ensemble as justification for everything that has preceded is, in a Marshall McLuhan paraphrase, to contend that it is not the medium which is the message but the top.

As a *Lucia*, otherwise, it may be described as—variable. When conductor Schippers is not under the pressure of Miss Sills's presence, his tempos are well chosen, his rhythm firm, a sense of forward progress generally present. Too often, however, this is a kind of double-standard Donizetti, in which one context prevails when Lucia is present, another when she is absent. Textually, it is marked by the inclusion of the episode between the "Contract" and "Mad" scenes. It is not particularly well performed, for Carlo Bergonzi is, in this instance, an Edgardo with more technique than tone and a hardly dynamic effect on the total, except in the "Tomb Scene." On balance, the most satisfactory performer of a principal role is Piero Cappuccilli, a burly vocal type, as Enrico Ashton. Justino Díaz provides well for the sonorous requirements of Raimondo. The English recording is well balanced but overhung with a resonance that muffles definitions in the large ensembles. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Edgardo and Lucia at work (left, Carlo Bergonzi; right, Beverly Sills).

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report	
Grieg: Sonata in E minor; Nocturne (Op. 54). **Mendelssohn:** *Capriccio* (Op. 33, No. 1); *Variations sérieuses* (Op. 54). Alicia de Larrocha, piano. London stereo, CS 6676, $5.98.	Alicia de Larrocha is one of the rare pianists of the day who has not only the ability but also the impulse to play the music of Grieg (always excepting the Concerto, which could be described as Grieg piano music for non-Grieg pianists). In this she is in very good company; the other recent example of such selective impulse being Artur Rubinstein. De Larrocha's vibrant, well-colored sound provides the palette to complement her well-known artistic impulses.	However, affinity with Mendelssohn is not present in equal measure. Tonally, her inclinations are promising, but the proper balance between facility and content tends to evade her. For the most part, the playing of the *Variations sérieuses* deals more with outline and the surface of the music than it does with substance. The *Capriccio* is well played but, also, somewhat superficially. The recording is excellent.
Handel: *Water Music* Suite; *Fireworks Music.* Rafael Kubelik directing the Berlin Philharmonic. DGG stereo, 138 864, $5.98.	Kubelik is neither the most energetic nor the most authoritative interpreter of Handel, but he makes a good blend of enthusiasm and scholarship in these works, which may, too often, suffer from an excess of one or the other. The totality of *Water Music* is represented by eight segments, including most of those for which the work is best known. The string execution is crisp, the rhythms decisive, the brass always surely blown.	In the *Fireworks Music,* the number is six, including the Overture, Bourrée, First and Second Menuets, "La Paix," and "La Réjouissance." The instrumental values are as amended by Handel from the fifty-seven (actually!) varieties of winds in the original outdoor scoring to a more normal balance of winds and strings, the style of performance much the same as that of the *Water Music.* Well-proportioned reproduction.
Mozart: "Ch'io mi scordi di te?"*(K. 505); "Vado, ma dove?" (K. 583); "Alma grande e nobil core" (K. 578); "Nehmt meinen Dank" (K. 383). Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; with *Alfred Brendel, piano; and the London Symphony conducted by George Szell. **Strauss:** "Ruhe, meine Seele"; "Meinem Kinde"; "Wiegenlied"; "Morgen"; "Das Bächlein"; "Das Rosenband"; and "Winterweihe." Schwarzkopf, soprano; with Szell conducting. Angel stereo, S-36643, $5.98.	As time ran out for Szell before he could fulfill a long-cherished plan to collaborate in a recording of a Mozart opera, this collection of five concert arias will have to be cherished as a rare reminder of his outstanding credentials in this category. Repeatedly, however, this discriminating listener will have to acquire his pleasure selectively, for the Schwarzkopf portion is all too often conditioned by what she can do with the vocal means presently at her disposal. By sheer technical cunning, she manages most of the time to produce a characteristic tonal quality (save when the range is too high or too low). But proper definition of consonants is sacrificed to limiting everything in Italian to vowel sounds. The Strauss songs are sumptuously performed by the orchestra, with Szell deftly supporting the vocal line with all the cushioning it requires, and never a suggestion of excess.	
Purcell: "Sound the Trumpet"; "My Dearest, My Fairest"; "No, Resistance Is But Vain"; "Shepherd, Leave Decoying." **Schumann:** "Er und sie"; "Wiegenlied"; "Ich bin dein Baum, o Gärtner"; "Schön ist das Fest des Lenzes"; "Herbstlied" and "Tanzlied." **Mendelssohn:** "Abschiedslied der Zugvögel"; "Wie kann ich froh und lustig sein"; "Herbstlied"; "Suleika und Hatem." **Cornelius:** "Heimatgedanken"; "Verratene Liebe"; "Ich und du"; "Der beste Liebesbrief." **Brahms:** Four Duets (Op. 28). Janet Baker, mezzo; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; and Daniel Barenboim, piano. Angel stereo, S-36712, $5.98.	Whereas the prior partnerships of Fischer-Dieskau on Angel, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Victoria de los Angeles, had an aspect of inevitability to them, this version of the "act" has considerably more suggestion of the manufactured. Some of the material (especially the Mendelssohn) is, at best, bland, and the politeness of the performance even exceeds that which might be considered appropriate to it. There is much to admire in the singing of the Purcell, to whose style Miss Baker is keenly attuned and to which Fischer-Dieskau makes a brilliant adaption. She does not, however, reciprocate quite in kind in the Schumann duets. The Cornelius and Brahms selections are more notable for rarity than they are for quality per se. There is no lack of polish in Barenboim's piano playing, but little evidence of a creative participation in the total result.	
Strauss: "Da lieg' ich"* (Act II, *Der Rosenkavalier);* "Hola! Ihr Streiter in Apoll!" (*Capriccio*); "Seid ihr um mich, ihr Hirten alle?" (*Daphne*); "Sie aus dem Hause" (Act I, *Die Frau ohne Schatten*); "Wie schön ist doch Musik" (Epilogue, *Die schweigsame Frau*). Theo Adam, basso; with *Gisela Schröter, mezzo-soprano; and the Dresden State Opera Orchestra, Otmar Suitner, conducting. Telefunken stereo, SAT-22513, $5.95.	The appeal of this collection is not so much in the quality of the interpretations as in the diversity of the material interpreted. Adam is a performer of many admirable attributes, but these relate more to the soundness of his objectives than to the brilliance of their realization. In all respects, whether impersonating Baron Ochs, La Roche in *Capriccio,* or Barak in *Frau ohne Schatten,* he applies himself with vigor, intelligent purpose, and solid musicianship. But he is sometimes pressed to provide the low notes required (as in the *Rosenkavalier* excerpt), and the sound, at best, is more functional than brilliant. But it is no small plus to have the material from *Daphne, Capriccio,* and *Die schweigsame Frau,* particularly in performances so well directed as these supervised by Suitner.	
Verdi: *Quattro Pezzi Sacri.* Zubin Mehta conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and the Los Angeles Master Chorale; with Yvonne Minton, mezzo. London stereo, OS-26176, $5.98.	The musical amenities are well observed under Zubin Mehta's painstaking direction, and both the choral group and Miss Minton do their work well. And if it is a matter of any doubt at this point, the London technicians make a total success of their recording problem in Royce Hall of UCLA. What separates the results from the ultimate objective is the prosaic character imparted to the music under Mehta's non-probing direction. That is to say, it has its full share of tonal beauty, but it is of the kind related to any generalized subject matter rather than the specific content of these pieces. As a result, the elements related to *Aïda,* in the *Stabat Mater,* still retain their operatic connotations rather than attaining another, more somber shade of meaning. —Irving Kolodin.	

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POP

THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC

by ELLEN SANDER

Pop music, though barely into its second decade, is hardly teenaged. It was *born* adolescent, it grew out of and up from there. It is constantly becoming the parent, kin, and offspring of itself (and this is why it is possible to speak of pop as a body of collected work) as insinuated by the title of the first Blood, Sweat and Tears album, *Child Is Father to the Man.* That album, now recent vintage, is a precise example of the self-renewing quality of timelessly worthy pop—whereas it was daringly experimental in its time, it was very much of established, if venturesome, roots and remains a stunningly evocative pop album for today.

All of what is meaningful about pop is involved in the constant reorganization of its roots. The beat is from R&B, the soul is from blues, the melodies are from folk, country, and western, the formalization touches classical music, the musical meanderings are from jazz and East Indian stylings. The rejuvenating quality of this music comes completely as a result of rearranged combinations of these roots, and now and again they manifest themselves in trends.

In the long run, trends are unimportant. Only in the transcendence of the contemporization that is pop do albums have meaning beyond their day. As one looks over a thirteen- or seven- or five-year-old collection of pop albums and relates to each in terms of "then and now," the importance of the music will override the nostalgia that lingers over the best of them. Regardless of what sort of hot rod a Fifties teen-ager drove at the time, Chuck Berry stands out as a rock 'n' roll figure of prominence. For a rock fan whose adolescence did not happen to occur during that period, *Chuck Berry's Golden Decade* is still a classic rock album, purely in terms of energy and music. That Chuck Berry was a prophet and his music a prelude is secondary in importance to the jivey rock and rhythm of those songs. That album is a monument whose history does not diminish its contemporary pertinence or presence. So are *Revolver, Highway 61 Revisited, Between the Buttons, Wildflowers, Children of the Future, Are You Experienced?, Buffalo Springfield Again, Song Cycle, Smiley Smile, The Doors,* and *Crosby, Stills and Nash.* These albums, while sheer products of their times (in a general sense and in the context of pop music), are by no means confined to them.

I've always felt, for instance, that Beatle albums marked off time, which in fact is a valid aspect of each one's emergence. But as pop's performers and audience grow and sophisticate, taking the music with them and leaving the times behind, it matters not which came first, *Rubber Soul* or *Abbey Road,* but how each as an album stands up to whatever else there is to hear or see or discover or do at any given time. The point is that they do stand up mightily, and that concerns the phenomena of hearing, being touched, moved, changed, and transported by sounds and words and voices and harmonies counterposed to the perfection of experience. It far outweighs the fact that both albums were prepared by the same group, that their alliance no longer exists, and that, in fact, out of all that love and beautiful music they are now busy killing one another as publicly as possible. We've got those albums forever. The rest is their problem and their business. We've come a long, long way together.

So it is also that little-known albums like Kaleidoscope's *Side Trips,* Millennium's *Begin, The Holy Mackerel, Steve Gillette,* and Leonard Scheaffer's *A Boy and His Dog* are classics. They may have been buried commercially, but, in the long view, immediate and overwhelming sales volume is only one validation of pop's permanence and by no means the defining one. Pop music exists symbiotically with a very high-pressured, finely stratified music business. The commercial results of that relationship have become increasingly excessive and tend to be at direct cross purposes with the development of the music. It is also the only (hence, effective-no-matter-what) way that music gets to the people. Hundreds of new pop albums compete each month for attention. A mere handful are worthwhile, but those albums are of genuine musical value and are a definite point of artistic reference. Any hit is a triumph for any record company, but when that motivation obscures what is happening musically, pop is digging its own grave. I deplore

The Beatles—"out of all that love and beautiful music they are now busy killing one another."

the lack of taste, judgment, and confidence that is in evidence in a full 90-95 per cent of current monthly releases, and while I am not suggesting rigid artistic control by commercial interests, I do expect professionals in the field of packaging, promoting, and distributing pop albums to apply a modicum of sensitivity to their product—and it's just not there. The music trade seems predominantly interested in plotting the next score, latching on to the latest trend, or, failing that, creating it. There certainly are exceptions, but nowhere near enough and not nearly enough courage among them.

One need not align new releases with social currents to assess their real value. One need only listen with understanding and above all with enjoyment. What counts is how each album sounds against the others and not who gets busted for possession, or who dies of an overdose and why.

Janis Joplin's *Pearl* is just past being new. Reaction surrounding its release was naturally concerned with the life and death of the unimaginably powerful singer. She may always be remembered as the rock diva who blew it, but what will stand is an album of unqualified rock brilliance, an album that is rhythmic, funny, adhesive, and soul-wrenching beyond a tawdry myth and a cruel reality. Life is always temporary. Recording has a permanence about it. While pop is inextricably bound up in magic and mythology, in the end we have only the music to examine for significance and soul.

(*To be concluded*).

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report	
Count Basie: *Basic Basie.* Basie, piano; with fifteen-piece band; Chico O'Farrill, arranger. M.P.S. Saba stereo, 15264, $6. Postpaid, Saba, 724 Seventh Street, Allentown, Pa. 18102.	Basie and his band are accorded more latitude here than has been customary in recent years. The material—not insulting this time—includes excellent numbers like Benny Carter's "Blues in My Heart," Harold Arlen's "I've Got the World on a String," and Fats Waller's "Ain't Misbehavin'." Arranger O'Farrill knows the band well, and his scores display the exceptional dynamics of the ensemble attractively, not least on the slow "Moonglow" and "Sweet Lorraine."	However, by restricting most of the performances to three minutes or less, the producer has imposed an inescapable handicap. Basie himself, although in a restrained mood, is featured more than usual, but tenor saxophonist Lockjaw Davis gets the lion's share of the solos and acquits himself well. There are also three welcome solos on alto saxophone by the seldom-heard Bobby Plater. The recording tends to rob the brass of its natural brilliance.
Blue Angel Jazz Club: *Jazz at Pasadena, '69,* Vols. I and II. Featuring solo and duo performances; quintet, sextet, septet, octet, and eleven-piece band. Blue Angel stereo, 505 and 506, $5.50. Postpaid, Blue Angel Jazz Club, 2089 Pinecrest Drive, Altadena, Calif. 91001.	The customers continue to take the law into their own hands in recording jazz the way they like it. Here the flavor of the old Bob Crosby band often derives from the presence of some of its members, and the reappearance of pianist Jess Stacy lends additional significance to both albums. He plays "Candlelights,"	a favorite of his (by Bix Beiderbecke), without accompaniment, and comes through with his unforgettable lift in three quartet performances. Johnny Guarneri and Marvin Ash also play pleasing piano solos, with token integration achieved in the person of Panama Francis, the drummer on three numbers.
Tommy Chase: *Tommy Chase Was a Jazz Pianist.* Fat Cat's Jazz stereo, 111. **Don Ewell and Bob Greene:** *Duet.* Ewell, Greene, pianos; Skip Tomlinson, drums; Johnson McRee, vocal. Fat Cat's Jazz stereo, 110, $5.	Chase was a Washington pianist with a long career in music, a decade of it spent in Europe before World War II. He died in 1969, and his only known recordings are gathered in the first album. He plays well and enjoyably in a melodic, two-handed style that brings to mind such pianists as Fats Waller and Herman Chittison. Everything emerges with an indelible jazz flavor, and his	repertoire is anything but hackneyed. Piano duets are rarely successful, but Ewell and Greene sound surprisingly good together in the second set. Best known for his devotion to Jelly Roll Morton, Greene pays tribute to Jess Stacy in *Mr. Jess,* and Stacy's healthy influence seems to make itself felt on both men from time to time.
Dexter Gordon: *The Panther!* Gordon, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Alan Dawson, drums. Prestige stereo, 7829, $4.98.	It is unusual today to hear a quartet in which all four musicians are so well matched. The rhythm section is—of its kind—close to perfection and must be much responsible for the level of inspiration Gordon maintains. His eleven-min-	ute version of "Body and Soul" is a formidable example of jazz improvisation. Flanagan's solos are everywhere a challenge, and devotees of his subtle art will find the album rewarding for his part alone.
Oscar Peterson: *Hello, Herbie!* Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Sam Jones, bass; Bobby Durham, drums. M.P.S. Saba stereo, 15262, $6.	Unlike the Basie set on the same label reviewed above, this was recorded in Germany, and the quality, like the pressing and packaging, is superlative. M.P.S. Saba is rapidly building an estimable catalogue of music by American jazz musicians who appreciate not being pushed in inimical directions. A fine edition of the Peterson trio (Durham and Jones are splendid players) is joined here by Herb Ellis with results just as happy as	those that made their Verve collaborations memorable. Ellis and Peterson obviously stimulate one another, and a swinging rapport is immediately established in the opening selection, Wes Montgomery's "Naptown Blues." The trio can be heard by itself in another recommended set (*Tristezza,* M.P.S. 15-275), and with a band directed by arranger Claus Ogerman (*Motions and Emotions,* M.P.S. 15251).
Melvin Sparks: *Sparks.* Sparks, guitar; Virgil Jones, trumpet; John Manning or Houston Person, tenor saxophone; Leon Spencer, Jr., organ; Idris Muhammad, drums. Prestige stereo, 10001, $4.98.	Sparks, who has worked and recorded with several groups of somewhat similar instrumentation, deserved an album under his own name. In his energetic rhythmic insistence, he recalls one of his idols, Grant Green, although the robust tone he favors makes him easily distinguish-	able. His long improvisation on "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" is particularly impressive. Capable organists are multiplying as fast as guitarists, and Leon Spencer is yet another to note—exciting in solo and positive in accompaniment.
Billy Taylor: *O.K., Billy!* Taylor, piano; with ten-piece band. Bell stereo, 6049, $4.98.	This is the band that is heard on the David Frost talk show. Its brass and reeds number six in all, but where Sy Oliver and the World's Greatest Jazz Band use two trumpets, two trombones, and two saxophones, Taylor has two trumpets, *one* trombone, and *three* saxophones. It is very interesting to compare the big-band effects achieved by the different arrangers and to consider how	successfully they disguise the limitations of instrumentation. This band has a fresh, engaging sound, and it provides the leader with a context that suits him even better than a trio. It is only regrettable that so fine a musician as Bob Cranshaw should be confined to electric bass throughout, although he certainly plays it with far more taste than most.
Various Artists: *Louisiana Blues.* Featuring Henry Gray, vocal and piano; Guitar Kelley, vocal and guitar; Silas Hogan, vocal and guitar; Clarence Edwards, vocal and guitar; Whispering Smith, vocal and harmonica. Arhoolie stereo, 1054, $5.98.	This is a relaxed, well-recorded collection of songs by relatively obscure Louisiana blues artists from the Baton Rouge area. The idiom, described by the annotator as "cityfied country blues," is not impure, unless objections are still to be raised to the use of drums and electric guitars. Guitar Kelley makes his	recording debut here, playing with a capability appropriate to his thirty years of experience, and pianist Henry Gray, who has been around a bit (twelve years with Howlin' Wolf), comes on with authenticity *and* assurance. —STANLEY DANCE.

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"Fiddler"

Continued from page 47

senstein—was a living person, individually characterized. So was each of the five daughters, who, in the New York production, were rather uninteresting. The Rabbi, played by a very tall actor, was not a comic figure but a dignified Talmudic representative. The big scenes carried their full quota of excitement—the Sabbath prayer, the scene in the inn, and the wedding.

An additional touch that Felsenstein put into this production was the use of the Fiddler. In the original production, he appeared at the rise of the curtain and then not again until the end. Here he appeared as a sort of spokesman or, better, troubadour, connecting one scene to another; in the course of the evening, he fiddled and sang seven authentic Jewish folk songs.

There were no overt communist propaganda touches, though the spoken text underscored the fact that the action took place in Czarist Russia. The program did quote, along with a few excerpts from the Sholom Aleichem stories, a few words from—who else?—Lenin:

> The Czar knew how to utilize the ugliest anti-Semitic prejudices of the uncultured masses of the populace. That is how the pogroms came into being; they were supported by the police, if not directly initiated by them, and were horrible massacres of peaceful Jews, their wives and children, which rendered bloody Czarism hated in the whole civilized world. When I say hated, I mean hated by the truly democratic elements of the civilized world, which are exclusively the socialist workers, the proletariat. . . .

The reaction of the audience? It was the opposite of what had been expected. Wild enthusiasm was rampant, beginning almost with the rise of the curtain. People shouted, stamped, applauded. The performance was interrupted so often that it lasted four hours. Afterward, there were seventeen curtain calls. No inimical demonstrations at all. Was there this enthusiasm just because *Fiddler* was a good show, superbly done? Or were there other motives: an expiation of guilt, or, more probably, a protest against the authorities who are now governing the East Berliners? There is no telling. One can only say that this performance of *Fiddler*, the first behind the Iron Curtain and one in which actors with such names as Sieglinde Krauss-Schaarschmidt and Siegfried Graefen played the roles of Jewish villagers, was welcomed with love and understanding. Does that mean anything?

MITCH MILLER
& THE GANG
PEACE SING-ALONG

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW IS LOVE
LAST NIGHT I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM
WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?
THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND
WE SHALL OVERCOME
GIVE PEACE A CHANCE
BLOWIN' IN THE WIND
IF WE ONLY HAVE LOVE
IF I HAD A HAMMER
TURN! TURN! TURN!
CARRY IT ON

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RECORDINGS

GILBERT WITHOUT SULLIVAN

There cannot be too many who have ever heard, let alone heard of, *The Gentleman in Black*, *Happy Arcadia*, and *Princess Toto*. Yet the gentleman responsible for the dialogue and lyrics was none other than our old friend W. S. Gilbert. These light operas—far overshadowed once Gilbert wedded his considerable forces to those of Arthur Sullivan—had music composed by Frederic Clay, a collaboration begun in a one-act work, *Ages Ago*, given for the first time on November 22, 1869, at Thomas German Reed's Gallery of Illustration. By happy coincidence it was on a double bill with Sullivan's *Cox and Box*, written with his then collaborator, Burnand. This prelude in the joint careers of Gilbert and Sullivan, and an example of a mid-nineteenth-century English trifle, has now been privately recorded under the direction of Frederick S. Roffman ($7.98 postpaid from Roffman, 230 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10025).

Since this must be the first time Frederic Clay's modest melodies have been put to record, a few words of introduction are in order. Born on August 3, 1838, Clay had an early interest in music that for a while gave way to a clerkship in Her Majesty's Treasury department; but in 1859 he wrote his first operetta, *The Pirate's Isle*, a short work for amateurs, just as Sullivan's *Cox and Box* had been. In 1862 he was commissioned to compose the score to *Court and Cottage* (libretto by Tom Taylor, author of *Our American Cousin*). It was produced at Covent Garden and earned him the attention of critic-translator Henry F. Chorley, who was to introduce both Clay and Sullivan to his friend Charles Dickens. In May 1862 he met Arthur Sullivan, and the two became devoted friends. In fact, it was while attending a rehearsal of *Ages Ago* in 1869 that Sullivan was first introduced to Gilbert—and the printed score to Clay's third full-length operetta is dedicated: "To My Friend, Arthur Sullivan." Later came other operas and operettas, cantatas, and incidental music before he died on November 14, 1889. As the *Illustrated London Times* wrote of *Ages Ago*, it "is ingenious, fanciful and pleasant." But what G & S were to produce later was just that much *more* ingenious, fanciful, and pleasant. Clay's melodies fall agreeably and gracefully on the ear without being particularly memorable, nor do they share in much of Gilbert's sly humor. High points of the sixteen numbers are the quintet "It Does Perplex, Annoy, and Vex," the duet "In Pity Tell," and trio "I Stand on My Authority." The story, admittedly as lean as lean can be, combines an episode during which portraits come alive and a happy-end love affair.

Ages Ago was composed on a small scale with an accompaniment of a piano, harmonium, and harp; and it is with this combination that Roffman has approximated a performance as close to the original as possible, reconstructing from a piano-vocal score. Unfortunately, beyond his obvious enthusiasm for this period in English light music, the general effort bogs down in amateurism, despite a cast (Jo Anne Brieff, Nell Evans, Joan Lindstrom, David J. Scatter, William Tost, and David Vosburgh) with various professional credentials. The delivery of the spoken lines lacks style, and the singing of the undemanding music is quite undistinguished. The sound of the spoken dialogue varies greatly from the sung portions and, in fact, sounds not unlike a 1930s radio broadcast. The sound *in toto* is flat and lacking in any breadth—there has been better on pirated live performances circulated hereabouts. But the very presence of *Ages Ago* in sound of any type combined with Roffman's interest in this era will make it a curiosity of sorts for those so inclined.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

WIT TWISTER #206

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

To make up for her tiny _ _ _ _ of nose,

Her _ _ _ _ _ obtrudes, balloon-like and aggressive.

When over _ _ _ _ _ of suds she bends, the pose

(No _ _ _ _ about it) strikes one as impressive!

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 60)

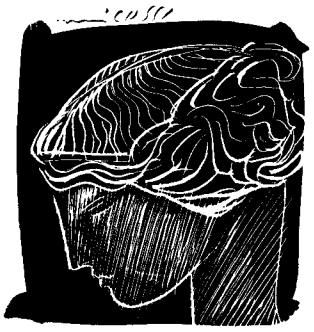
I Remember Ivie

Continued from page 51

ters, the dramatic and serious torch songs of the era were sung with silken pathos straight through to the final bow, itself a standout quality. At a time when a sense of fashion was not usually to be found among band singers, Ivie had already found her look. She once explained this to a close friend, adding that someone whose judgment she trusted had advised her always to wear slinky, white, long evening dresses for her stage appearances. "Suitable with my color," Ivie felt. They became a trademark.

In 1946, I began to move about the country more than before, and on one trip to Chicago I discovered that Ivie was singing at the Pershing Hotel on the South Side. The Pershing (pronounced "Persian" by many Southsiders at the time) was enjoying a fabulous popularity. The cabaret featured Earl Hines with a full orchestra, a line of pretty girls, and Ivie, who headlined the bill. With a girlfriend of the moment, I managed a ringside table, and together we sat in the darkened room waiting for the confident Anderson to stride onto the floor. We were not disappointed. There followed a facile forty-five minutes of velvet and fire, the crowd with her all the way.

I don't remember seeing Ivie again after that Chicago appearance. My own career had suddenly become so demanding that I was swept into tours that sometimes kept me away from California for months at a time. The years following, however, may have been particularly frustrating and unhappy ones for Ivie. She and Marque were divorced, and just before the end of 1949 Ivie died, probably as a result of a prolonged attack of her dreaded asthma. It would not seem a surprising way for her to go when I remembered the tales of her standing in the wings unable to catch her breath but suddenly, as though by some special license from the gods, rushing to that waiting microphone to belt out those telling first lines of "It Don't Mean a Thing." I'm grateful to the gods.



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THE OTHER SIDE

MAAZEL TO THE N.P.O.

by THOMAS HEINITZ

LONDON.

Two leading British orchestras recently have announced important new appointments: Lorin Maazel is to become the New Philharmonia's second-in-command under Otto Klemperer (whose position as the NPO's musical director is for life), and James Loughran has been given a three-year contract by the Hallé Orchestra to succeed the late Sir John Barbirolli, as its principal conductor. That the NPO's choice would fall on some internationally famous artist was really a foregone conclusion, for it is an orchestra born of the recording studio and, as such, more dependent than most for its continued existence upon a sufficiency of recording contracts that in turn depend on having a conductor whose name on the label ensures a ready sale for a large number of discs.

In any case, there may well have been another motive behind the New Philharmonia's appointment of Maazel for, whatever prestige can still be garnered from the continued association with Klemperer (who, at the age of eighty-five, is still full of plans and has recently recorded Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, while a complete *Così fan tutte* is projected for February), the orchestra badly needs regular work with a younger man of sufficiently demanding disposition to halt its recent decline and restore it to former glory. Indeed, the way in which the fortunes and reputations of London's five big orchestras fluctuate over the years is surely among the more curious aspects of our musical scene. Only the BBC Symphony, maintains a fairly consistent standard from decade to decade (though it, too, has had its share of ups and downs), but the reputations of the other four seem to wax and wane much as do those of leading football clubs.

In the Fifties, it was the Philharmonia and the Royal Philharmonic (under the respective, autocratic rules of Walter Legge and Sir Thomas Beecham) that set the standard, with the LSO beginning to come up and the London Philharmonic well to the rear. During the Sixties, we witnessed the emergence of the LSO as Britain's top ensemble, albeit in a rather curious manner: The process started as an exercise in high-pressure public relations by its then manager, Ernest Fleischmann, but ultimately came true through the orchestra's growing confidence in itself and its resultant ability to attract the best young players.

Meanwhile, following the death of Sir Thomas Beecham, the RPO went through crisis after crisis, losing many of its most distinguished principals, and its position today is as precarious as ever, since it is the most likely victim should economic necessity force a reduction in the number of London-based orchestras. The Philharmonia, too, nearly foundered when Walter Legge parted from EMI, but with the active support of Klemperer it was quickly re-established as the New Philharmonia, though not without some defections from its ranks. That was in 1964, since the time NPO has been in control of its own destiny while its reputation has gradually declined, as it was bound to do with no Walter Legge to guard its standards and the lack of any permanent association with a conductor who is also a first-class disciplinarian.

The past year has seen yet another unexpected shift in this "balance of power" as the LSO's supremacy is being challenged by the London Philharmonic, for so long the Cinderella among the capital's orchestras. The LPO's remarkable renascence is largely the result of a history-repeating link-up with Amsterdam's famed Concertgebouw Orchestra. About twenty years ago, when Beecham had abandoned his former charges to make a fresh start with the RPO, the LPO's fortunes enjoyed a temporary revival under the late Eduard van Beinum, and now it is van Beinum's successor, that admirable young Dutchman Bernard Haitink, who divides most of his time between Amsterdam and London and has, in a remarkably short time, transformed the LPO from a rather threadbare and down-at-heel collection of players into an alert and confident ensemble.

Once again, it is plain what London orchestras tend to lack—not individual or collective skill and certainly not quickness of response (in which they are probably unequaled), but regular work under the same, first-class conductor. In this respect, at any rate, our provincial orchestras tend to be better placed, and the Hallé's decision to invite James Loughran to become Barbirolli's successor has been widely acclaimed, not least among Britain's younger conductors, who, have all too often seen plum appointments going to already established foreigners. Glasgow-born Loughran, who will be only forty this year, is a conductor of no little experience, and he "won" the Hallé from a strong field, including a much-fancied Russian rival.

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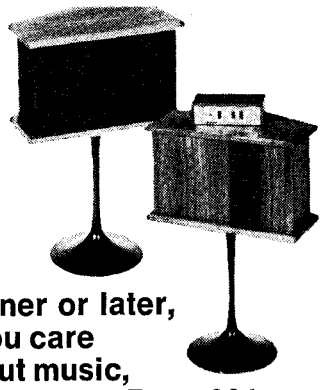

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Letters to the Multi Media Editor

The Commune Approach To Cassette-TV

IT WAS ENTRANCING to read the articles about cassette-TV in the new MULTIMEDIA supplement [*SR*, Jan. 30] and about all the gadgets that manufacturers are preparing for the entertainment of the home viewer who wants to substitute something cultural for his television set. But I was impressed by one large vacancy in the plans: What is the attitude of the home viewer to these tapes and films that are being prepared for him at a cost of from $10 to $50 or more each?

Well, I can tell you what the viewers out here are going to do. They are going to cooperate. We will organize a group and appoint a buyer. Then we will pass the tape around among the group until all have seen it, after which we will discount it to another cooperative group. It looks like a great system.

ROBERT E. MILLER,
Helena, Mont.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Problems breed solutions. This seems an ideal one.*

CONGRATULATIONS on the new monthly MULTIMEDIA supplement. It's a real step forward. Today's school libraries are media-minded, and we welcome the supplement's emphasis on all media.

MRS. ELNORA M. PORTTEUS,
Directing Supervisor,
School Libraries,
Cleveland, O.

Fender, AC-DC

NOTHING LIKE a cryptic explanation to set things straight. Stephen Matt asks [LETTERS TO THE MULTIMEDIA EDITOR, Jan. 30] what distinguishes a Fender bass from any other electric bass guitar; the editor replies: "Its characteristics." What are these differentiating characteristics?

The saxophone, which is used as an analogy, was clearly different in tone, technique, and shape from the bass and woodwind instruments that preceeded it. It is not obvious to me why a Fender bass is different from all other basses.

DANIEL J. FINK,
Rochester, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "characteristics," as described in the reader's query, related to electric amplification, of which the "Fender bass" was the first so equipped.*

The Frau, the Empress, And the Dyer's Wife

IRVING KOLODIN'S identifying the Dyer's Wife as the Frau of the title of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* was erroneous (MUSIC TO MY EARS, *SR*, Jan. 30). This Wife was amply provided with a shadow; in fact, that was what all the excitement was about—the Empress was the shadowless one.

I was also considerably surprised by the rather cavalier way the husband, the Dyer, was dismissed in the review's final sentence. I had the happy experience of attending this first performance of the season and noting the instantaneous thunder of applause that greeted Walter Berry each time he came before the curtain. If decibels were the standard of judgment, he was indeed the star of the performance. Christa Ludwig and Leonie Rysanek were certainly also vociferously acclaimed, with Nagy warmly applauded too.

MRS. GABRIELLE E. FORBUSH,
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As Hofmansthal did not provide the Dyer's Wife with a name, some confusion may arise. A solution (as contained in the issue of Feb. 13) is the alternative of Färberin. Berry's qualities have been extolled often in the past.*

Joachim or Camille?

I'M AFRAID that the picture on page 53 of the January 30 issue of *SR* is of Camille Saint-Saëns and not Joachim Raff.

THOMAS C. DAVIS,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

IN THE January 30 issue, page 53—isn't that a picture of Saint-Saëns and not Joachim Raff? Or am I mistaken?

JOSEF GINGOLD,
Bloomington, Ind.

Raff

Saint-Saëns

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "look-alikes" appear in "The Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians," published in 1889 by Charles Scribner's Sons. Raff (left) appears opposite page 176, Saint-Saëns (right) on page 286.*

Answer to Wit Twister, page 58: stub, bust, tubs, buts.

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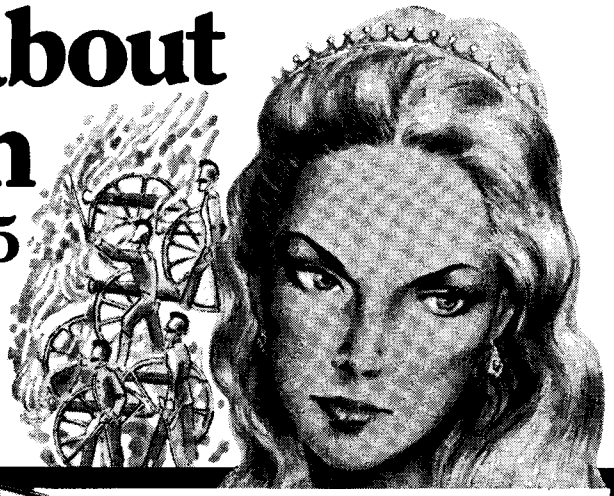

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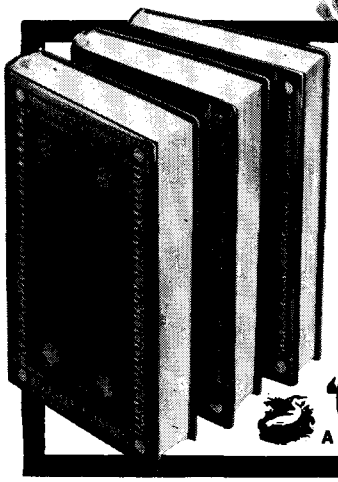

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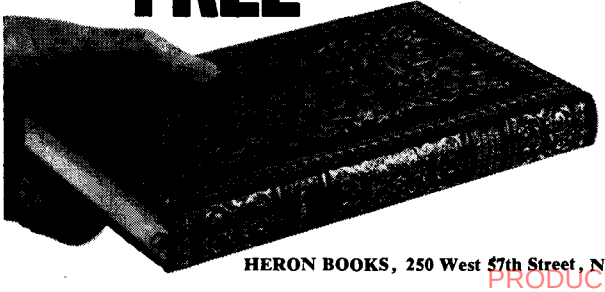

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Shirley MacLaine

Continued from page 45

psychological and the occult." She again called Sir Lew. "I've got another I want to do, both before I start the TV series. Do you want to read it?" He asked: "How much can you make it for?" Shirley answered with no hesitation: "About a million one." She got the go-ahead. "I know how to read budgets," Shirley explained. "In fact, I can tell from reading a book how much the adaptation will cost." Her estimate proved correct; the film is being made, again with New York locations, at a cost of slightly more than $1-million.

I saw Shirley MacLaine while she was filming some scenes in a penthouse apartment on Central Park South in Manhattan. The apartment belonged to Carol Haussman, who didn't seem to mind. Shirley MacLaine moved through the clutter with calm serenity. "Where's Shirley?" someone would ask, and when they found Shirley, she was available to talk, to chat, to answer a question, to pose for a picture, to toe her marks for a scene. If she was worried at all, it was over the director, Waris Hussein, a talented Anglo-Indian, who was behind schedule by three days. Her own schedule was tight. She had to finish by early March and scoot over to England for tests and costume fittings for the TV series.

"But I suppose they could come here, if necessary," she said, already making her contingency plans. "I want to slim down another eight pounds, and I'm wearing my hair long for the first time in my life, which for me is fun. You see, for the series I want to have the most fabulous-looking clothes and to wear the most unpredictable combinations. And a different hairstyle each week, as I emerge from a plane in Bangkok or Melbourne with my camera slung over my shoulder."

She explained that the series would portray her as an inquiring woman reporter working for a London magazine. "It'll be called 'The Shirley MacLaine Show' or something original like that, and it's already been sold to ABC. We have all twenty-four scripts written, though I'm not too happy with some of them, particularly those that deal with the problems of areas I know. Because I've traveled so much, I'm extra sensitive to the cultural perceptions of those particular writers."

Wherever the show takes her, Shirley, as the reporter, will, according to her description, "get *so* involved with the people and their stories, and then I'll become committed to one side or the other. Should I happen to get thrown in jail in, say, Hong Kong, my editor back in London, who's caustic but sort of subliminally sexy, will advise me to stay in jail because I'll get a better story." But in the back of her mind is another diversification. In Japan or Thailand or Indonesia, she expects to have access to leaders in those countries, and why not take advantage of the opportunity to interview them? Thus, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the ABC evening news might suddenly feature enterprising journalist Shirley MacLaine interviewing Premier Sato of Japan.

While writing her book she thought she had found a method for making words and ideas flow easily. "I was holed up in my apartment one day," she said, "and had been reading a book about Tibet. I had a roaring fire going, and I put the book down and lit some incense and suddenly it seemed to me I was transformed, transcended, and transplanted somewhere into about the thirty-third level of my mind. I began to write some of the most blatant pop philosophy that the thirty-third mind level is capable of. Pages and pages of it." That evening, her close friend Sander Vanocur paid her a visit. She gave him the pages she had written, saying, "Now this is how I want to write." Vanocur read the pages gravely and patiently, then looked up at her and said: "Oh, really? Try it again, but without the incense this time."

Subsequently, she carved out whole sections from her book, about three hundred pages in all. When discipline is necessary, Shirley has a way of learning discipline. The keenness of her interest in the process of film-making is well known to professionals in the field, and she was one of the first appointees to the board of trustees of the American Film Institute.

Just as it was fortune (good) that landed Shirley MacLaine in the movies in the first place, it is fortune (bad) that has enabled her to take further advantage of her fame, affluence, and power. She is also undoubtedly aware that aging invariably is not kind to movie stars, and that pretty faces and shapely figures don't last forever. Should that day come, she plans to be occupied nevertheless.

She finds herself attracted to the writing of fiction but, more than anything else, to film directing. Look for further diversification. At the moment, she's seeking a script to direct next fall or winter, and what Shirley looks for, her friends say, she usually gets. No problem about the financial backing. It's been promised to her by Sir Lew Grade, who by now must be aware that his attractive partner is a doer, a shaker, a maker, a *monstre sacré*, a human dynamo, and something of a prodigy in our time.

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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued on page 68)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 67)

BRITAIN'S BEST Summer Camps—Ages 8 to 18. Five to seven weeks, $750 to $950 including airfare from New York. BRITISH INTERNATIONAL CAMPS, 310 Madison Avenue, NYC, 10017. 212-867-2140.

INTERLOCKEN INTERNATIONAL CAMP. A year-round educational center situated in southern New Hampshire where an imaginative and adventurous summer program is offered to 80 boys and girls from around the world. Rugged wilderness trips, athletics, enriching cultural-arts program, swimming, boating and canoeing on a wilderness mountain pond. Staffed by professional teachers. For additional details write: Interlocken International Camp, Hillsboro, New Hampshire 03244. Tel. 603-478-3202.

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HIGH/SCOPE—Coed, 12-17, arts, science. Become working, contributing, decisive member of responsive community. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME for 8th, 9th or 10th grade students. Combine a summer at camp with a chance to learn a new language . . . or polish one you already know . . . and live with a family abroad. Learn French in Vermont, speak it in Canada or France. Learn Spanish in Mexico, speak it there. For details, write: Language Camps. The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Please indicate age and year in school.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMP. Boys. Private forest, lake, trout stream. Adirondack Canadian canoe trips. Riflery, mountaineering, nurses. 46th year. Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

KINIYA—a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

CAMP BIOTA. Outstanding Natural Science. Boys 8-14. Six weeks. Small enrollment. Horses, canoes. Dr. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

FARM AND WILDERNESS CAMPS—Do you want a small, rugged camp where living is simple? Farm and Wilderness offers three: SALTASH MOUNTAIN for 40 boys 12-15—Friendly, informal, purposeful. Natural science and pioneering. Aquatics. Extensive hiking and canoe trips. FLYING CLOUD for 40 boys 11-14—Primitive, challenging. Live like Indians in 20 ft. tipis. Learn skills, crafts, games re-creating Indian life. DARK MEADOW for 35 girls 12-15—Simple wilderness living with excellent campcraft training, swimming and canoeing, hiking, natural science, "creative cooking." Tipis. Booklets: Write John S. Hunter, Farm and Wilderness Camps, Inc., Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

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THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP is designed for young people who wish to respond wholeheartedly to work, to encounter significant issues of our time, and to explore their relationship to the current scene. Coed. 13-17. Write c/o The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346.

MAINE SUMMER CAMP for single parents and their kids. One week periods. Box 764, Hartford, Connecticut 06101.

CAMPS

AMHERST MUSIC CENTER, Sebago Lake Region, Raymond, Maine. A vacation-with-music study. Coed, ages 12-20. Full or half-session: July 1st-August 19th. Orchestra, concert band, chorus, chamber music. Seminars in voice, keyboard, all instruments. Academic music. Recreation program. Brochure: Dr. J. C. Schuler, 47 Braeburn Road, South Deerfield, Massachusetts 01373.

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HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Reducing. Fasting. Rejuvenation. Delightful foods. Pool. Solariums. Boats. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita, Florida 33923-SR.

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TRAVEL

LOOKING FOR THE UNUSUAL? Visit remote Indian villages. Travel jungle rivers by dugout canoe. Tarpon fish, watch tropical wildlife, explore ancient Maya sites. Sakbe of Guatemala, U.S. Office, P.O. Box 1044, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1925

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Dilapidated	9 40 74 92 152 153 160 27 35 52
B. Creon's niece	55 63 85 94 110 114 116 125
C. Component, part	126 165 174 178 185 1
D. "He ——— and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave." (G. and S., "The Mikado")	16 20 99 135 156 184
E. Repetition of the same word at the end of successive phrases, clauses, etc.	188 44 50 58 87 128 179 93 168 172
F. Composer of "Two Little Girls in Blue"	182 2 80 122 127 154 189
G. Sound reasoning	194 14 30 43 64 72 82
H. Careens	175 186 19 23 53
I. Give up	62 146 200 10 41 76 91 100
J. Nero Wolfe's creator (full name)	71 89 157 104 107 111 131 143
K. First name, WORD T	124 136 166 37 8 18 24
L. Site in S.C. of American victory over the British, Jan. 17, 1781	42 46 49 158 183 22 109
M. Shed or wing of a building used for storing foodstuffs (2 wds.)	81 83 112 118 190 38 103 121 141
N. Sulphur Island (2 wds.)	144 149 67 130 164 7 96
O. Marked with spots of different colors	75 120 151 161 176 193 13
P. Inference	57 78 84 97 163 25 65 68
Q. Give distinctive character to	129 4 48 28 192 31 148 139 162 167 181
R. 2 wds. after *The:* traditional title of Rembrandt's "The Shooting Company of Capt. Frans Banning Cocq"	26 34 69 98 170 59 102 39 137 195
S. Sanction	196 36 56 73 171 6 133 101 70
T. American educator, theatrical producer, and author of "The Theater of Tomorrow"	187 132 61 198 79 173 147 77
U. Industrial center in Monmouthshire, England (2 wds.)	105 177 180 21 51 12 47 60
V. Turnpikes, for instance	115 117 191 113 33 169 155 145
W. Foment	17 29 140 32 142 5 134 45 15
X. *Chiefly Scot.:* kindly; snug	11 88 3 54 86 108 199
Y. Derangement of the mental faculties	90 66 106 159 95 138 119 150 123 197

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

			1 C	2 F	3 X	4 Q	5 W		6 S	7 N	8 K	9 A	10 I	11 X	12 U		13 O
14 G	15 W	16 D		17 W	18 K	19 H		20 D	21 U	22 L		23 H	24 K	25 P	26 R	27 A	28 Q
29 W	30 G		31 Q	32 W		33 V	34 R	35 A	36 S		37 K	38 M	39 R		40 A	41 I	42 L
43 G	44 E	45 W		46 L	47 U	48 Q		49 L	50 E	51 U	52 A	53 H		54 X	55 B	56 S	57 P
58 E		59 R	60 U		61 T	62 I	63 B		64 G	65 P		66 Y	67 N	68 P	69 R	70 S	71 J
	72 G	73 S	74 A	75 O	76 I	77 T	78 P		79 T	80 F	81 M		82 G	83 M	84 P	85 B	86 X
	87 E	88 X		89 J	90 Y	91 I		92 A	93 E	94 B	95 Y	96 N	97 P	98 R		99 D	100 I
101 S	102 R	103 M	104 J	105 U		106 Y	107 J		108 X	109 L		110 B	111 J	112 M	113 V		114 B
115 V		116 B	117 V	118 M		119 Y	120 O		121 M	122 F	123 Y	124 K	125 B		126 C	127 F	128 E
129 Q	130 N	131 J	132 T	133 S	134 W		135 D	136 K	137 R	138 Y	139 Q	140 W	141 M		142 W	143 J	
144 N	145 V		146 I	147 T	148 Q		149 N	150 Y	151 O	152 A		153 A	154 F	155 V		156 D	157 J
158 L	159 Y	160 A	161 O	162 Q	163 P	164 N	165 C	166 K		167 Q	168 E	169 V	170 R		171 S	172 E	
173 T	174 C	175 H	176 O		177 U	178 C		179 E	180 U	181 Q	182 F	183 L	184 D		185 C	186 H	187 T
188 E	189 F		190 M	191 V	192 Q	193 O		194 G	195 R	196 S	197 Y	198 T	199 X	200 I			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Subsidizing Action

THE Federal Communications Commission recently announced that it needed more "actionable data" before it could act on the matter of improving children's television. The commission has asked the public and the broadcasters to furnish it with information that will help it to decide whether stations should be required to present at least fourteen hours a week of unsponsored children's programs, without commercials and without using or mentioning products, services, stores, or brand names.

Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, who concurred in the 4-3 decision (Chairman Dean Burch, H. Rex Lee, and Thomas J. Houser, the FCC's newest member, were also of the majority), noted that the commission had already spent ten months making up its mind not to decide. It had received 5,600 letters and comments supporting the rule proposed by Action for Children's Television (ACT). It had studied twenty-three substantial pleadings filed by industry groups that oppose the rule. And it had perused ACT's own substantial counter-plea, which was accompanied by two lengthy research exhibits.

"This is due-processing them to death," commented Commissioner Johnson. "It is Kafkaesque." He had kind words for Chairman Burch, who "has taken a leading role in attempts to bring Big Broadcasting closer to a realization of its awesome responsibility for one of our nation's most precious resources: our children." But, Johnson added, "It is especially tragic and regrettable . . . that this commendable public leadership cannot see a flowering in something more substantial than this action."

In the last Congress, HEW opposed an amendment by Senator Walter F. Mondale (D.-Minn.) to the Emergency School Aid Act of 1970. The original bill was supported by the administration and would have provided $1.5-billion "to meet special problems incident to desegregation in elementary and secondary schools." The original bill will surely be reintroduced in the new Congress, and Senator Mondale's amendment will once again be offered. The Senator wants to earmark $80-million of the total appropriation for two years toward the development and production by private, non-profit organizations (à la *Sesame Street*) of "racially integrated children's television programs of cognitive and affective educational value."

HEW still sees the original bill as "educational" and not involved with federal support of children's television, which, it argues, is the province of the Corporation of Public Broadcasting. The Senator submits, however, that there is evidence to show that crucial racial attitudes are formed in children between the ages of three and five, which is probably the most active television-viewing period in anyone's life.

Now, if the White House could persuade the Secretary of HEW to withdraw his objections to Senator Mondale's amendment, the Congress, in passing the amended $1.5-billion measure, would provide $80-million worth of children's television programing, which could then be offered absolutely free (except for tape costs) to networks and individual stations. Once this bonanza of children's programs is made available, the FCC could stop studying and inquiring laboriously and chronically and act on ACT's proposal. It could say to the broadcasters: "This HEW money undercuts the most important argument you offer in objecting to a rule requiring you to put on non-sponsored children's programs—namely, the economic burden of providing such programs without the profits accrued from commercials.

"Of course," the FCC could continue, "you will lose your revenues from the sale of time, but that loss cannot outweigh the high public interest considerations involved in substituting quality programs that educate children for cartoons and merchandising methods that exploit them. You will survive handsomely and do the nation a great service."

Admittedly, this scenario is highly simplified and ignores subtle political considerations involving the South, but its benefits for the primary interested parties are clear. It would be a novel way out for all concerned. The FCC is too deeply committed to come up with no action or with merely token action. The networks, short of real action, will not get the motherly furies of America off their back. Everybody would lose a little but win more, except the children: They would take the pot (oops! wrong word).

Anyone for action?

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What in the world is a World Federalist?

A World Federalist is someone who believes that:

■ The most important problems on earth today are no longer national problems but world problems: war and peace, the rapid poisoning of the oceans, the dangerous decrease of oxygen in the air, the depletion of the earth's resources, the rapid growth of the world's population. These world problems call for effective world agencies and institutions.

■ The proper place to create these agencies and to establish a rule of law is within the United Nations.

■ The United Nations does not now possess enforceable authority over international lawbreakers. This does not mean, however, that the United Nations cannot be strengthened in order to keep the peace, prevent further deterioration of the world's environment, protect the resources of the earth, and act in the best interests of human-kind.

■ The authority of the United Nations must be adequate to cope with common dangers and common needs of the world's people.

■ All other authority should remain with the national governments — authority over national cultures, institutions, and values. The national governments should give up the right to molest or attack or interfere with the sovereignty of other nations, or to pursue policies that are against the human interest. The United Nations should be equipped with adequate security forces to protect peoples against aggression.

■ The effort to create a rule of law in the world may be the most difficult and complicated undertaking in history. It is also the most essential.

Who are some of the men who have supported these beliefs and principles?

Winston Churchill called for a world government of adequate powers to keep the peace. Pope John XXIII issued an encyclical which called for world law in time to avert war. President John F. Kennedy advocated full development of the United Nations with powers equal to the demands of a lasting peace.

U.N. Secretary-General U Thant has warned the world of a disastrous breakdown in ten years if the United Nations is not given essential and enforceable powers. The Prime Minister of Denmark, Hilmar Baunsgaard, has pledged his nation to work for a federalized United Nations. Foreign Minister Carlos Romulo, of the Philippines, has introduced specific proposals in the United Nations calling for a progressive strengthening of the peace-keeping machinery of the United Nations. More than a dozen ambassadors have made similar constructive proposals.

In essence, what World Federalists are saying is that the time has come to place human sovereignty above national sovereignty.

World Federalists have branches in thirty-six nations. The name of the American branch is World Federalists, U.S.A. The President of the American Federalists is Joseph S. Clark, former United States Senator.

This is an invitation to you to become a World Federalist. You are needed to help build what must become the most important movement in the world.

You will be given a chance to work with people who believe that there can be no justice without peace, no peace without law, and no law without government. With peace, all things are possible; without it, nothing is possible.

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"World Federalists hold before us the vision of a unified mankind living in peace under a just world order. They have never failed to remind man of those attributes of spirit and intelligence which can yet spare him from the scourge of another world war by creating the conditions of a workable peace under law. The heart of their program — a world under law — is realistic and attainable." — *U Thant*

United Nations Secretary-General
(from a talk to World Federalists at Ottawa, August, 1970).

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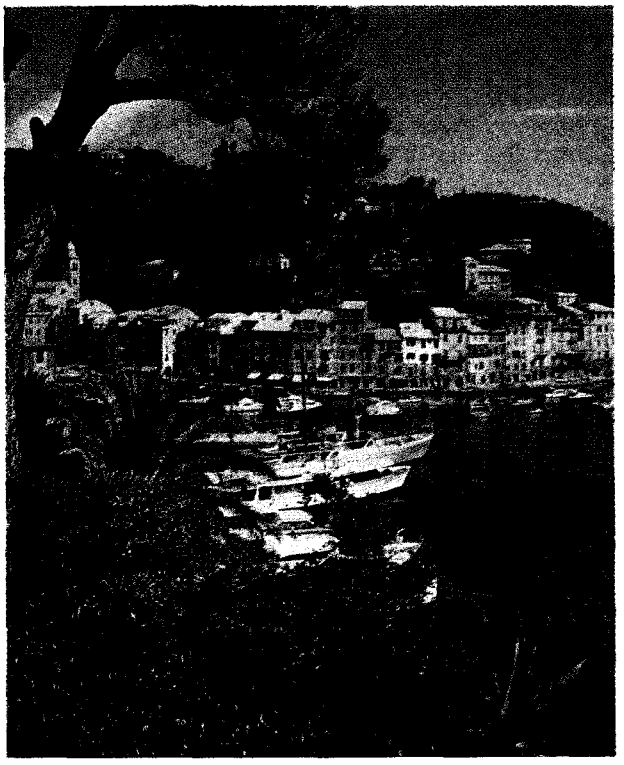
New approach to Italy



Your car glides by green hills and picturesque villages where castle towers and church tops reach for the blue skies.
You are driving to a famous «trattoria» where you'll enjoy the most delicious local specialities: along the way, you ride through a large «piazza» with black and white pavement where a *live* chess game is played by Italians in classical costumes. Another square is host to the pageantry of medieval horse-racing exactly as it was centuries ago. The Italy made rich by history, monuments, mountains, seas and lakes is also the Italy made exciting by vivacious young people, smart fashions, lively «ristoranti», late-late night spots, international swingers and of course the beautiful people of Italy. Here, in Italy, are the racing cars that win, the small lake boats and the luxury yachts, the panoramic ski slopes, comfortable new hotels, «autostrade», highways designed for enthusiastic driving. Here are the fascinating streets where you may see the Pope pass by in his car and bless his people.
Only sunny Italy offers you so much of the glorious past and the exciting exciting present.
Enjoy the new approach to Italy this year.

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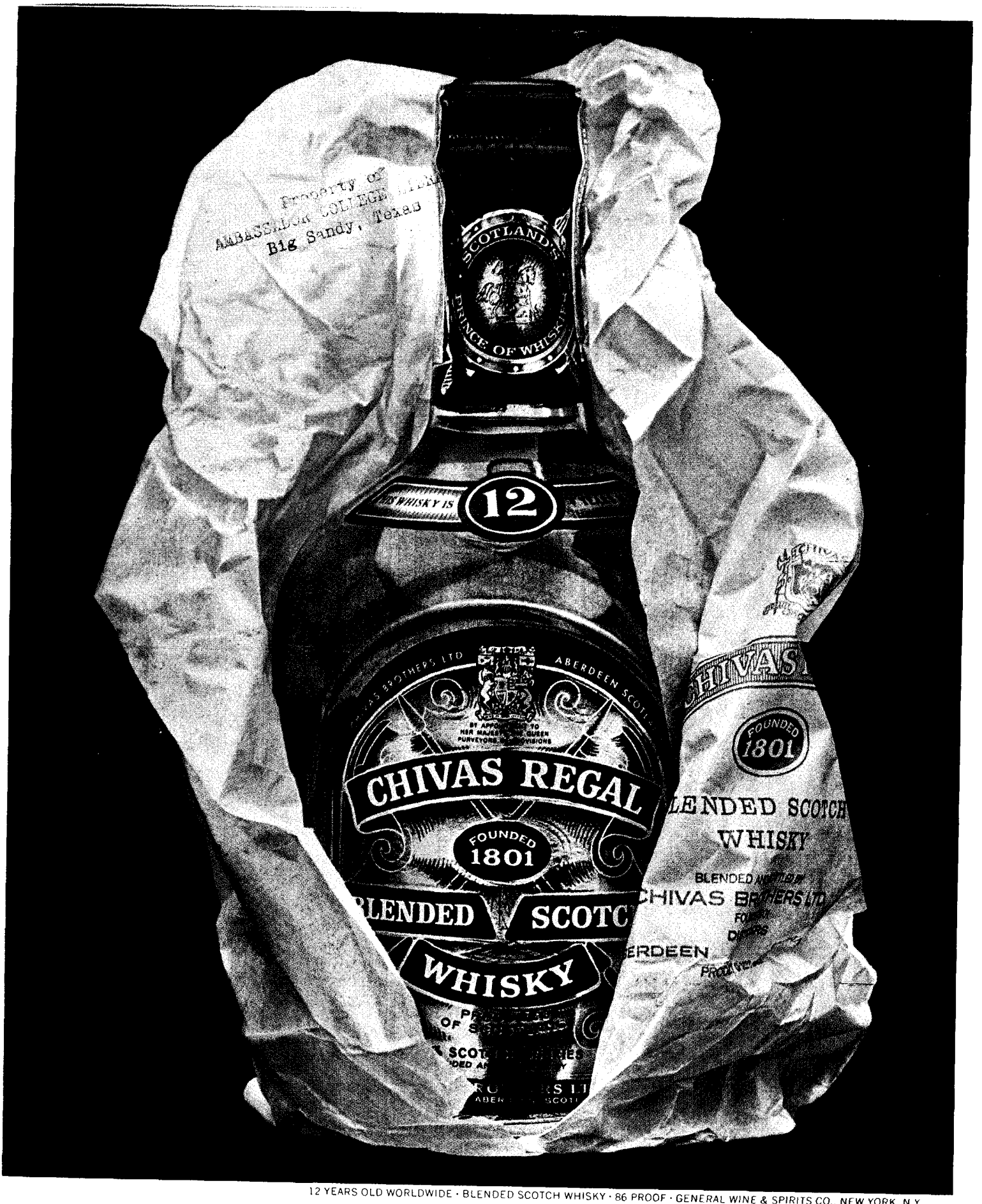

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